CAVALCADE

NOV 1/-



the mob said "KILL" —PAGE

MEN DO MARRY THEIR MISTRESSES —PAGE



Cavalcade

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MEN do marry their mistresses

MURRAY ROSS



The Year Book points to the fact as well as to others that shatter the old beliefs.

WHERE the mother is under 20, three out of every four first children in Australia are born under a cloud—that is, they are either illegitimate, or come less than the orthodox nine months after marriage

It sounds like a terrible indictment of Australian morals It would be an excellent text for a sermon grandma might deliver on the depravity of modern youth, except that in her day things were much worse The proportion 40 years ago was five in six

The proportion falls as the age of the mother rises, but is high enough overall to amaze the innocent who take their morals from the book

In 1911, nearly half of the mothers of all ages fell under suspicion—the exact proportion was 48 per cent By 1931 it had fallen to 44 per cent and by 1939 to 33 per cent, or just one in three.

Then comes one of those anomalies which make statistics such tricky things to handle The advent of war, which is supposed to sweep away conventional moral barriers, actually improved the situation, and in 1941 the figure had fallen to 28 6 per cent But there was a cause

War marriages may be hasty, but at least they do eliminate that long period of courtship when, from Mrs Grundy's point of view, all the damage is done There are no complete figures beyond 1941.

The statistics are from that sober but versatile publication, the Commonwealth Year Book. It may surprise many people that the Government Statistician should be interested in such an odd angle of human behaviour, but it is his business to supply the data on any problem which is of importance to the community

And no one can say that his instinct deceives him, for now, more than fifty years after his research started, the old sex problem is more headline news than ever

In the Victorian era, it was considered proper to take conventional morals for granted In retrospect this method of moral care is seen as it really was—an ineffective drawing of of the figurative wool over the gentle eyes of yesteryear Now a big proportion of the world's population refuses to do what they are told, just because they are told Serious and responsible people have come to admit that the sex problem will have to be studied if it is to be solved

And, usually to their amazement, when they come to study it they find that there is practically no data on which to start

Is the average man—or the average woman—chaste? Or is the whole fabric of convention a polite camouflage maintained throughout the ages?

Must adults have physical sex fulfilment, or can they live normal lives without it if society so dictates? And if they must—how much is necessary and how much is wise?

The scientific answer to all these questions is that no one knows They are so important, so deeply involved with our social, religious and political beliefs, that no one has been able to study them objectively

This being 1949, however, there are plenty of people willing to make the effort First in the field is Mr Kinsey, of the U S.A He sooled some hundreds of trained inquisitors onto some thousands of American men, and then published "Sex Habits of the American Male"

He claims that it is not a stunt, but a serious scientific study of the subject If so, then serious study pays off, for if you want the book in Sydney you have to put your name on a waiting list at 45/- a copy.

Now Mae West has followed it up with her report on the American Male She did her own investigating at first hand, and she claims that her research was more practical and more accurate She hopes her book will sell as well as Mr Kinsey's

More people than Mae West have challenged the accuracy of Mr Kinsey's conclusions, even some who do not question his sincerity They say that no one, man or woman, ever tells the truth about their sex life.

In the words of one hardened cynic —"Never believe a woman if she says she didn't, or a man if he says he did"

That is the advantage of the Government Statistician He took no one's word, he merely tabulated proved figures He drew no conclusions, but there are many implications there for those who wish to draw them, and they are not altogether pleasant

Take that figure for 1911—48 16 per cent of all first births were either illegitimate, or what the Year Book politely calls "ante-nuptial conceptions" Now, admittedly, some of these latter would be premature births, in which illicit relations between the parents had not taken place

There is no known way of arriving at the number of these, but there is

general medical agreement that it would be small And against it there are some very big set-offs which tell the other way

As the average number of children per married couple is substantially less than three for a period covering the whole of their married lives, it is obvious that only a small proportion of the intercourse which takes place results in childbirths

Partly this is due to natural causes, and partly to the use of contraception But it is safe to assume that unmarried couples take at least as many precautions as married ones, and there must be an enormous number of cases in which couples anticipate the clergyman without paying the penalty

It would not be hard to convince one's self that these are just as numerous as the couples who are "caught" (to put it in the vernacular), and that there were practically no virtuous couples at all in 1911 This is too pessimistic a view, but those who obeyed the commandmants were undouhtedly in a minority

There would be other factors which would tend to swell the number of the transgressors—a certain proportion of abortions, for instance, probably enough to at least offset the premature births

The one really hopeful feature in the situation is the very substantial improvement in the figures with the passing of the years By 1921 the proportion of ante-nuptials and illegitimates had shrunk to 40 1931 saw a small increase to 44, but by 1939, the last pre-war year, it was down to 33

Unfortunately, social workers have been able to draw little consolation from the change It has merely posed for them another tantalising problem. How much of it, if any, is due to improved morals, and how much to improved technique in hirth control?

It seems against all experience to believe that the persent sex-dranched generation, reared on Hollywood, Freud and Henry Bellemaine, is more moral than that of 1911 That it is more knowledgeable about contraceptives, however, is undeniable

The statistician has some figures here, too since he has broken down the totals of first births to show what percentages took place in each month after marriage in 1911 and in 1941

These show a decrease for 1941 in each month up to the ninth But there is a big decrease also for some time after that, right up to the end of the first year Then the balance swings the other way Twice as many couples now have their first baby in the second year of marriage as did in 1911 Those who delay their entry into the family business until their fourth married year have more than doubled and so on for each year up to about the ninth

The indications are plain The era of planned parenthood, or at least of postponed parenthood, has arrived and that implies contraception And if this is so much on the increase among married couples, it seems folly to assume that it is not equally so among unmarried ones

One old belief which the Year Book's research has rudely shattered is one which was a principal weapon in the defence of the standard code of morals

In the days when mothers did venture to give their daughters advice on six matters, their most powerful argument for virtue was the saying that "A man does not marry his mistress" They believed it, they said it with conviction, and their daughters believed it too

This alliance of chastity with self-interest was a very effective one. Many a fair maiden, when all her other defences had failed her, was sustained in her struggle against the devil by the thought of a coveted wedding ring

But it seems that she was deceived If the Statistician's figures mean anything, most men marry their mistresses. Strangely enough, they only seem to do it once. There are no figures on the subject, but Court observers say that a surprisingly large proportion of men divorced for adultery fail to do the right thing by their partner in the affair

The proportion of actually illegitimate births is small, and is also declining rapidly In 1901, six in every hundred births were on the wrong side of the register, in 1940 less than four

When the illegitimates and ante-nuptial conceptions are broken down into age groups, however, they reveal some unexpected sidelights on human nature

For instance, easily the worst age-group for births among single women are those over 45 In 1941, there were 41 women throughout Australia over this age who had their first child More than half of these women were single—22 to be exact Three had heen married less than nine months, while 16 had been married more than that period

The total number of births in such an age group as this is necessarily small But even before this age, women show contradictory tendencies

The largest proportion of conceptions outside of matrimony is naturally in the younger group, under 20 From then on to the 30-34 years section, the rate continues to fall

But for women between 35 and 39, it rises appreciably, and for those from 40 to 45, even more sharply This phenomenon is much more marked now than it was in earlier years

It is easy to conclude that this is due to carelessness, and no doubt many women at this age cease to take precautions under the mistaken impression that they are sterile. In fact, one authority has hrutally remarked that unwanted births occur mainly among girls too young to know, or women too old to bother







JITTERS *with the athlete*

BILL DELANY

The most successful athletes are "wound-up" before their events. Nerves may bring a man right up on his toes or reduce him to a state of terror

THE heavily-built kid saw his ball pitch onto the green, run a few feet and stop ten feet from the pin He was on in two to his opponent's three—but a fair breath of wind would have blown the other player's ball into the cup Now what? The kid could play safe and carry the match to the 37th, or he could putt strongly for a win.

But what, asked the gallery as they watched the kid squat down to study the green, if he overshot the hole by feet? And what if he missed the second putt? The decision was up to the kid, and he left no one in doubt that he was going in for the kill.

His putt was firmly stroked—too firmly, thought the gallery, and held its breath as the ball sped towards the tin It was straight enough, but—

Suddenly, the ball was no longer on the green. And Jim Ferrier, first up entrant for the event, had beaten Eric Apperly for the N S W. Amateur Championship At 16, he had proved that be had that intangible quality people call "big match temperament"

Golf probably more than any other sport demands iron nerves Played in an atmosphere of cold objectivity, it has none of the blood-warming activity of the faster-moving forms of athletics. Its reflexes are far less spontaneous than those associated with football, boxing, and tennis. It affords the good player no margin for error, and when a man stoops to play a shot he knows that his destiny depends on that particular shot as much as any of the other seventy he may play.

So that golf nerves are a very real thing

F w golfers have the happy outlook towards the game possessed by Walter Hagen, whose training syllabus includes a strictly adhered to round of the night clubs Once, as the sun rose over the course over which he would later play Leo Diegel for the PGA Championship an early riser observed Hagen making his way towards his bedroom Shocked at Hagen's disregard for training the early riser said

"Walter, don't you know that Diegel has been in bed since nine o'clock last night?"

Hagen nodded genially, for he was in a genial mood

"I know," he said, "but I'll bet he hasn't been sleeping."

Hagen that afternoon won the Championship five up and three to play.

There long existed an unworthy suspicion amongst pro golfers that Hagen's attitude towards golf was designed to unsettle his opponents On the course, he was likely to influence the other's game by using an iron when obviously a wood was called for, so that his opponent, not to be outdone, also used an iron. But where Hagen's shot fell where he wanted it, the other's landed in bad country He played slowly when up against a fast player, and fast when opposed to a golf course tortoise And as the exasperated Bobby Jones said

"I like to play against a consistent golfer. But spare me from the fellow who misses his drive, hits his second into the rough and wins the hole with a birdie That's Hagen."

Jones himself, despite his equable appearance while playing, suffered so badly from nerves that he was unable to eat anything but a cup of soup between rounds. He could keep nothing else down. Byron Nelson, similarly, chewed candy incessantly as a means of preventing nausea

Both men overcame their disabilities and were the best golfers of their period

A golf writer who knows, and has a great respect for, Norman von Nida dislikes the theory that Australia's best golfer got to the top because of his intense concentration Otherwise, submits this writer, why would von Nida be so conscious of what is happening in the gallery?

Not so long ago, the crowd that followed the Von included a lady whose knowledge of the game was negligible but who, in her eagerness to improve that knowledge, requested information from her escort at moments which to the golfer were vital The little champion suffered her in silence for a few holes and finally, as her voice broke the hush on the green as he was putting, lowered his club and said:

"Madam, this might be fun to you, but it's my living"

Then he sank the putt But another golfer, submits my journalist friend, would either not have heard the chattering, or having broken his concentration, missed the putt

In tennis, Jack Crawford was a player without mannerisms, and apparently, without nerves He never appeared to be ruffled and his remarkable positional play and stroking grace made him seem almost casual in his approach to the game. And when he took his place on the centre court to play Vines at Wimbledon in 1933, Crawford admits, he was nervous down to his heels.

He lost the first set 4-6

"With the new balls, the match developed into a terrific struggle,"

IS IT EVER TOO LATE?

Give me just another chance,
My dear, it's all I ask—
Our sweet and tender young romance
Is a life-long, loving task,
We've talked about how it ought to be;
And NO could have been my reply;
But I beg of you now for another chance
To go along with a handsomer guy!

Jack once told me "On my own service, I was trailing love-forty. I felt then that if I lost the service, I would lose the match. And I knew with equal certainty that if I took my service, I would win the match.

"I pulled up to take the service, and as we changed ends, I almost said to Vines 'The loss of that game will cost you a match.' It wasn't just a thought—it was certainty. I knew, then, that I was going to be the next Wimbledon singles champion. My nerves had left me."

The result of that match is in the record books. Crawford defeated Vines 4-6, 11-9, 6-2, 2-6, 6-4.

Perhaps the big difference between "golf nerves" and "tennis nerves" is that golf is a game of comparative inaction. Between shots, the golfer has often to wait while his opponent makes maybe two shots; the tennis player, however, has little time to think—or worry—as he plays. His strokes are made a kind of trained unconsciousness. He moves quickly, and his mind reacts to the movement so that he has a greater chance to retain concentration.

The boxer is in rather the same situation. Most boxers, naturally, are nervous during the wait in the dressing room, but contrive to throw off nervousness with activity. Nevertheless, old timers still recall the strange behaviour of one Alex Costica, whose fate it was to find himself opposed to Les Darcy.

Unfortunately for the boxer's peace of mind, he allowed himself to lend his least cauliflowered ear to gentry who enthused to a large measure on Darcy's undoubted ring talent. This circumstance in no way contributed to Costica's loss of morale—for the simple reason that that essential characteristic was absent in Costica's make-up.

Ike Harvey, veteran trainer, recalls the "fight" in these words

"Darcy was in his corner minutes before the Rumanian, and sat smiling and unperturbed during the wait. Eventually, Costica walked—or maybe was pushed—into the ring. He sat in his corner pale of face and obviously expecting the worst

"At the bell, Costica moved slowly, and suddenly put both his arms around Darcy. Darcy pulled away, shaped to throw a punch, and began to smile. The Rumanian again hugged Darcy who allowed him to do it until he got tired. Then he'd push Costica away and tap him lightly.

"The Australian was enjoying himself and seemed a bit disappointed when in the fourth round, the fight was stopped."

Darcy would undoubtedly have beaten the Rumanian, anyway, but Costica's nerves made the job easier

The relaxed athlete, according to experts, is a better athlete, for loose muscles make for faster muscular action; moreover, the system forms greater amounts of Carbonic Acid when the muscles are tensed, creating an oxidation of food that causes fatigue and loss of wind

It is not so long since Clarrie Hayes made newspaper headlines as an Olympic Games hope. Those experts who saw him in preliminary runs, however, did not echo the general enthusiasm about his prospects. They pointed out that he ran with his shoulders hunched, neck muscles tensed, and his hands and fingers stiff. John Treloar, by comparison, ran in a completely relaxed style; Hayes, in other words, was "taking too much out of himself" And the experts were right. Hayes did not make the grade.

Relaxation, in its application to athletics, is a technical term, for it is true that the most successful athletes are "wound up" before their events, whether or not they actually show emotion.

"The right kind of 'wind-up' is the sort of sheer excitement that brings a man right up on to his toes, ready and eager for the contest, the wrong type is anxiety, which may amount to positive fear Nervousness is really bad, simply because it dissipates energy and is therefore wasteful

Among Australian athletes, none is more apparently indolent than Peter Mullins, the country's best all-rounder It is a pretty safe bet that the thought of an important event tomorrow will not cost Mullins a minute's sleep to-night For Mullins has learnt the secret of relaxation—but that doesn't mean he doesn't suffer from the kind of nerves that are "right" Physically and psychologically, he is "wound up"

And so, of course, was Walter Hagen, that morning he arrived home some hours after the milkman Incidentally, we didn't quite finish that Hagen story Here's the rest

Immediately he found his bedroom, he took a bottle of Scotch from a drawer. Turning to his friend, he said "This is great stuff to kill the taste of milk."

"What," asked the other, "were you drinking milk for?"

"Why," replied Hagen, "milk is great stuff to kill the taste of rum."



"I was merely wading till you hadda come along."

Murder on the coast

JOSEPHINE BURNS



The only man who could tell why Andrew Hamilton was murdered is already in the grave

AT six o'clock in the afternoon of February 15, 1864, Andrew Hamilton mounted his horse in the little town of Bombala on the South Coast of New South Wales Shouting farewells to his friends as he passed he galloped away on the rough track that led to his farm sixteen miles to the west He was not seen again

Andrew Hamilton had a good business head He had been in Bombala only two years when he sold his saddler's shop at a handsome profit and opened a store on the road to Cooma. Later he disposed of this store and bought a small farm He was living there at the time of his disappearance

Hamilton had saddled his horse early for the ride into Bombala Arriving there about ten o clock, he called at the post office for his mail, and then went to one of the small taverns in the town

An outgoing mail was being despatched by road that night to Eden to connect with a vessel leaving for Sydney, and during most of the morning the farmer sat in the little back parlor of the hotel writing letters

At midday he ate a hearty dinner, and then joined the men in the bar

Hamilton had remained a bachelor and lived alone on his farm, but in the ten years that he had been in the district, he had made a number of friends, and he spent time drinking with them on his weekly visits to Bombala.

In this manner he whiled away the afternoon until four o'clock, when he called upon a local lawyer and asked him to prepare documents in connection with the transfer of some land

Then loading his saddle bags with purchases from one of the stores, he set out on his homeward journey

In 1864, the South Coast district of New South Wales was a lonely and sparsely-populated area, with frequent stretches of wild and rocky country between Sydney and the Victorian border Communication with Sydney from as far south as Bombala was difficult and irregular It was carried out mainly by small boats which called at varying intervals to take the farmers' produce to the markets

Many miles separated the small settlements that lay to the west of Bombala, so it was not strange that eight days went by before it was discovered that Andrew Hamilton's farm was deserted

On Sunday morning, February 23, one of Hamilton's neighbours called at his place and found the house locked up Thinking Hamilton had gone away for the day, he was about to leave when he noticed a parcel lying on the verandah It had been delivered by a Bombala carrier and still had the delivery ticket attached

Idly the man turned it over and read the date It was February 17 six days previously and two days after Hamilton's last visit to Bombala

The neighbour then walked to the rear of the house and saw Hamilton's dog, which was still chained, lying dead on the ground It was apparent it had died from thirst and starvation

Although the man told a few people of his discovery, no one gave it much heed It was thought that Hamilton had probably ridden to another district to purchase stock, forgetting he had chained his dog But another week went by and he still hadn't returned

Then his lawyer, with whom the farmer had failed to keep an appointment to sign the documents that had been drawn up, informed the police, and Sub-Inspector Knight arrived from Cooma to make investigations

The mystery surrounding Andrew Hamilton's disappearance grew rapidly

His journey was traced to within a few miles of his home. Four or five miles out of Bombala, he had passed a man who knew him by sight, and a little further on he had reined in his horse to speak to a friend

"It's been a big day," he told him "I'll be glad to get home to bed"

A swagman, who was able to give an accurate description of the farmer, saw Hamilton still further along the road, and John Selby, whose settlement was the closest to Hamilton's, remembered having waved to him from the verandah as he went by

But from that point the clues came to an end

Someone suggested that his horse might have bolted into the bush and that Hamilton had fallen and been killed Search parties were organised to scour the scrub for his body, but without result Nor was there any sign of his horse.

Then the police began to explore the possibility of murder

In these investigations they received valuable assistance from the farmer Selby, who said that earlier in the day on which Hamilton had disappeared, he had noticed three rough-looking swagmen camped on the road between his place and Hamilton's He had been searching for straying stock when he saw them,

"LAST summer I saw a great deal of Clark Gable," writes Elsa Maxwell.

"We holidayed on the French Riviera at the same time. And I remembered the old Hollywood days, when beat-up trousers and an old leather jacket suited Clark fine. It was, in fact, because he had no time for the gay social world to which he now adjusts so handsomely that he and Carole Lombard Gable disappeared from the social scene. Carole loved Clark. Whatever he wanted, she wanted. So she proceeded, in her typical enthusiastic and brilliant way, to make her life over to his pattern. All of which explains the somewhat sad amusement, those who know Clark feel when they see pictures of him dancing or dining with a new girl or read that it looks like wedding bells for him.

From "Photoplay" the world best motion picture magazine.

but as he passed the same spot half an hour later, they had moved away. At the time he had thought it strange that they should have made such a hurried departure, but then forgot about it.

Selby was able to give good descriptions of the men, and these were circulated through all the districts between Sydney and Melbourne. The police were convinced that the three campers seen by Selby knew something about the farmer's disappearance. But there was still no proof that he had been murdered.

The search for the men proved fruitless and there was little more the police could do.

But his neighbours were not satisfied. Knowing Hamilton for a methodical businessman as well as a farmer, they could not believe he had gone away without arranging for the disposal of his land and stock.

John Selby was one man who could not forget his friend's mysterious disappearance. He was continually discussing it with the other neighbours, asking them to voice any new theories that he might follow them up. Frequently they would see him conducting a search on his own in the scrublands around the district.

More than nine years went by. Then disaster came one morning in December, 1873.

Selby, like Hamilton, lived alone on his farm. After breakfast he set to work to break in a young horse in the yard. It was a fiery animal, and as Selby came close to adjust the rope at its neck, it snorted wildly, reared high into the air, and brought its two forefeet down on Selby's head. The man's skull was fractured and he died shortly afterwards.

Selby had been a popular and respected man in the district, and he was given an impressive funeral.

For some months his farm was under the care of a manager. Then a relative, to whom Selby had willed the property, arrived from Victoria to take over. He improved and modernised the buildings, and in doing so, pulled down an old stone barn which had stood for many years about six hundred feet from the house.

The man who was then working Hamilton's land, was startled when the new owner of Selby's place arrived breathless at his house late one afternoon. His white face told him something was wrong.

"Can you come back with me right away?" he gasped.

The farmer got his horse and followed without question.

When they reached the partly demolished barn, the other man led him to a small room at the rear of the building. Here some of the floor stones had already been raised, and it was to these that the white-faced man was pointing.

As the neighbour walked over to them, a ghastly sight met his eyes.

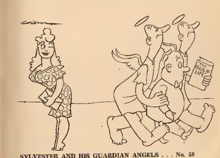
Lying on the earth beneath the stones, with pieces of cloth and badly decomposed flesh still adhering to the bones, was the skeleton of a man. His skull had been battered and crushed by the weapon which lay by his side. It was an axe, its blade dulled by the faint stains of blood which were still discernible.

There was no doubt that the skeleton was that of Andrew Hamilton, who had disappeared so mysteriously ten years before. The axe had belonged to his friend, John Selby.

But even though, after so long, the case of the missing farmer was solved only half the mystery had been cleared. If as it appeared, Selby had murdered Hamilton, no motive was ever found as to why he should have done so.

They had always been friends and had never been known to quarrel. There was no record of business dealings between them that might have led to dissension. Nor did there seem to be any way in which the murderer could have benefited from the death of Andrew Hamilton.

The only person who could have thrown any light on the mystery, had himself a few months before the discovery of the skeleton, suffered as violent a death as the man he had murdered.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS . . . No. 58

WHITE WOMAN AGAINST A TRIBE



W. CRAIG HILL

When Hannah Duston realised she had no proof of having killed 10 savages, she faced further perils to collect their scalps

A FRAIL birch-bark canoe shot forward on the swirling waters of the flooded Merrimack in the royal province of New Hampshire Like driftwood it was caught up by the swishing, battering angriness, swept about, and, it seemed, would surely be engulfed That it was not, was due to the skill of the teen-age boy who handled the paddle in the manner of the Indians from whom he and the other two occupants escaped

The clothes of the three were wet from the Merrimack, and dyed with the red of Indian blood For this was a night in the April of 1697 a date to mark, not only in the history of the French colony of Canada, but in the English province of New Hampshire For, to the Indians English scalps were English, whether found in the French colony or the English settlements—and it was English scalps they hunted

And it was for fear of losing theirs that these three—Sam Lennardson Hannah Duston and Mary Neff—had accomplished a bloody deed that night Now as their bodies fought against the flood, their thoughts were reaching ahead to the quiet village of Haverhill, Massachusetts, from which the two women had been carried away —and to Worcester, where Samuel Lennardson had chopped wood and hunted game, and listened to his mother making music of an evening

Hannah Duston was the first of the three to raise voice against the rushing river, and the canoe lurched precariously as she called anxiously,

"Sam, we must go back I forgot something!"

"But Mrs Duston, ma'am, we have already travelled an hour We'll be all night making back against this!"

"It does not matter how long it takes, Sam We must go back!"

Obediently Sam Lennardson worked the paddle against the stream and began the long ardous way back He regarded Hannah with concern, but with trust, for this night Sam Lennardson had learned respect for Hannah Duston And though at times he despaired of their chances, and considered they might have been better off with the Redskins, they came at last to the point where the Merrimack converges with the Contoocook, and the island which was afterwards named Duston

Making safe the canoe they warily approached the clearing close to the beach where were grouped the Indian tepees and where lay—in a row between the tents and the remains of a fire, their heads resting on the piles of blanket they used for pillows and their bodies still wrapped in covers which had warmed them only this night—the murdered bodies of ten Abenaqui Indians

It was the work of a few minutes for Hannah, aided by Sam to collect her trophies—the ten Indian scalps Mary and Sam wondered at her enthusiasm for the grisly task, but Hannah was not berserk Out on the river which was bearing them so swiftly towards home, she had suddenly realised that without proof of their deed, the man or woman was not alive who would believe their tale Now she was ready to return to Thomas and their seven remaining children

In the spring of 1697 the French in Canada under the command of Frontenac were inciting the local Indian tribes against the Pilgrim settlers as part of their campaign to win the New World for Louis XIV during his War of the Grand Alliance Louis could not afford to send more troops to help Frontenac because of the European unrest, and subsequently the French shrewdly allied the Indian nations to their cause by gifts and propaganda, rich bounties were set on English scalps and prisoners

Now every roving band of redskins, eager for handouts from the French, was determined to outdo the other in the quest for English scalps and rich reward The Abenaqui tribe scored the initial success when they raided Haverhill on March 15 The grey light of dawn was barely discernible in the eastern sky as the Indians grouped in the woods for the attack on the sleepy hamlet

On her farmhouse bed Hannah Duston lay with her eighth child, not a week after her confinement

Leaving the squaws to guard their possessions the savages descended on the town, and while the main bunch plundered and murdered the townsfolk, a handful of their number moved stealthily towards the Duston homestead

Hannah was ordered to rise and dress and her nurse, Mary Neff was captured as she tried to escape through a rear door The two women watched, helpless, while the invaders rifled and fired the homestead

Fearing pursuit by colonists who had eluded the raid, the redskins hurried the two panic-strickened women towards the forest, and when the speed of the nurse was impeded by the weight of the baby, one of the Indians forced the child from her grasp, and before the horrified gaze of the mother dashed out its brains against a tree

Rejoining the main band with their captives and loot, the redskins set out for Canada and despite her feeble condition and mental wretchedness at the loss of her baby Hannah managed to keep pace with the party She saw her friends axed and scalped when they fell by the side of the trail

For fifteen terrible days the Indians forced the march through virgin wilderness—over rough, muddy trails

A young air force officer was waiting his turn at the parcel-post window. When he reached the head of the line he stepped back a few feet and sent his package flying over the counter by means of a well-placed drop kick. Then he explained to the flabbergasted clerk, "I just wanted to see if the parcel could stand the type of handling it's going to receive."

and across icy brooks Jagged rocks tore at the tender feet of the English settlers, and the biting cold numbed their poorly clad bodies

And all the while, Hannah was formulating a plan of escape

Near the junction of the Contoocook and Merrimack, and some six miles north of what is now Concord New Hampshire, the party split up into two groups While the larger band moved on to the border, twelve redskins, including three squaws, taking with them Hannah, Mary Neff and the English lad, Samuel Lennardson, boarded canoes for an island where they planned to rest before pushing on to the French settlements in Canada

An Indian prisoner for more than a year, fourteen year old Lennardson had learned the art of killing a man with one blow of the tomahawk, and the method used in scalping the victim This important piece of information he casually communicated to Hannah, whose plan had now taken shape

The Indians became careless of their guard on reaching the island. The rivers were in flood from the early spring rains and, in any case, the women were considered too weak to escape. Sam they now regarded as one of them.

Darkness of the second day on the island saw the execution of Hannah's plot Instructing Mary Neff and Sam, and arming each with a tomahawk she crept noiselessly to a position at the head of her sleeping captor, leader of the Indian band The others arranged themselves in similar manner beside the slumbering savages.

At a pre-arranged signal from Hannah, the axes fell silently and swiftly, a stroke to each, with a message of deep revenge—ten Indians dead in a minute A young buck and a badly wounded squaw were all that escaped

Hastily piling food and weapons into the bark canoe, and scuttling the remaining boats, the white party set off down the fast-flowing Merrimack. It was an hour after this that Hannah decided to turn back, and several hours later that she wrapped her trophies in a cloth of her own weaving that she retrieved from the captured loot

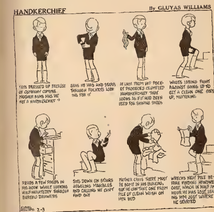
To avoid the dangers of further meetings with the Indians, the dauntless party travelled by night, each taking a turn at guiding the frail craft By day they hid in the woods and eventually, beaching the canoe at Bradley's Cove at a point where Creek Brook empties into the Merrimack, the weary voyagers continued the journey on foot and by a remarkable piece of geographical calculation, arrived back in Haverhill after an absence of a month They were received as the risen dead and accorded a reception befitting a conquering monarch

Hannah's husband, believed that the three had rendered a service to the village in the massacre of savage Indians and filed a claim for the government bounty of £25—a bounty which had been placed on Indian scalps in 1694, but was later reduced to half that amount and revoked completely in 1696 when claims apparently became too numerous.

In April of 1697, he accompanied the three to Boston where he filed a petition to the Governor in that city. In claiming the reward, Duston pleaded that the "merit of the Action remained the same" and that "your petitioner having lost his Estate in that Calamity renders him the fitter object for what consideration the publick Bounty shall judge proper for what hath been done"

As stark evidence of their achievements, Hannah presented the Governor of Massachusetts with the ten scalps and the tomahawks smeared with the savages' blood. That same afternoon, the General Court dispensed with red tape and voted the payment of a gratuity of twenty-five pounds "unto Thomas Duston on behalf of his wife" and half that sum to Mary Neff and Samuel Lennardson

Years after her death, the first monument, commemorating the fame of a woman to be erected in the United States, was unveiled to Hannah, in the town square of Haverhill, Massachusetts





WINGS MEN THOUGHT MIGHT FLY

MARIE J. FANNING

A shoemaker, a watchmaker, a locksmith, and an emperor had the same idea, and look where it led!

AT seven o'clock in the evening a crowd began to gather in the Cremorne Gardens, London. Rapidly they formed a closely packed circle around a large open space where curious things were happening.

An odd-looking creature, like a giant bat with great glistening wings and a dangling tail, was poised awkwardly on the grass. Some two-hundred feet above the ground, and anchored by ropes and iron stakes, was a gas-filled balloon of the type that men had lately been using to drift in a remarkable manner across the skies.

The crowd pressed forward excitedly, newcomers elbowing and pushing from the rear for a better view. A gasp went up as the creature with the wings turned slowly and the figure of a man was revealed.

He was standing on a high wooden platform with the enormous wings strapped to his shoulders. Made of stout, waterproof silk these wings had a hinged framework of cane, measured 37 feet in length with an average breadth of 4 feet. The hanging tail was 18 feet long and 3 feet wide.

The date was July 9, 1874, and the man who would soon endeavour to demonstrate to the watching crowd that he could imitate the flight of a bird, was Vincent de Groof, a shoemaker from Belgium. For many years this man had been devoting all his spare time to the construction of the apparatus which would give him power to float gracefully through the air.

De Groof had made the wings in such a way that they could be moved upwards and downwards by muscular force with the aid of rubber bands which he attached to his arms, and he was convinced that, having started from a given height, he could manage his descent towards the earth in an inclined swooping motion without risk of concussion.

To reach the height from which the descent would be made, de Groof had enlisted the aid of a man named Simmons, who had an aerial balloon. The Belgian was to be attached to the basket of the balloon, in which Simmons would ride, and the balloon would then be released. When de Groof gave the signal, Simmons was to liberate him and he would begin his thrilling descent.

The shoemaker had already made an attempt to fly. In the early hours of one morning a week previously, Simmons had taken him aloft with his balloon. All went well until the time came for de Groof to be freed. Then Simmons became nervous and decided he was unable to do it. He did not tell the other man, however, and as they descended from a height of 300 feet over Epping Forest, de Groof touched the ground with moving wings some moments before the balloon. He did not notice that Simmons had failed to cut the line and therefore believed he had actually flown and landed safely.

As Simmons climbed into the basket-car for the second flight, he knew that this time in the presence of so many people, he would have to carry out his part of the bargain.

Several men had volunteered to lift the stakes from the ground, and as they did so, the balloon soared upwards taking de Groof and his wings with it.

They drifted slowly over the gardens, then at a signal from de Groof, the balloon was gradually lowered again from 1000 feet to 300 feet. The winged man on his long rope was dangling a little over 100 feet above the ground.

When they were close to the church tower of St. Lukes, de Groof shouted in German to the man above, and Simmons detached the rope.

De Groof lifted his wings as he dropped, but with a sudden lurch he appeared to lose control. The wings collapsed, and to the horror of the spectators, the man, still strapped to the weighty apparatus and clinging to his ropes, turned over and over and then fell with great violence to the ground. He was killed instantly.

Vincent de Groof was only one of hundreds of "birdmen" who over the years attempted to spread their peculiar assortment of wings and fly.

The earliest record of an attempt at flight, is that of the Chinese Emperor Shun, who in 2200 B.C. escaped from a granary in which he was imprisoned. Threatened with death at a burning stake, the Emperor had climbed to the top of the high building and successfully "flew" to safety by wildly flapping two large umbrella-hats made of reeds, which he attached to his shoulders.

During the eleventh century, a Saracen of Constantinople, was anxious to show his skill as a flier before the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, Sultan of the Turks, and a large concourse of people, and attempted to fly across the Hippodrome where horses were being raced.

His flying costume was a long and very wide garment of white silk, braced with rods of willow-wood on an elaborate framework. From the top of the Hippodrome tower, he leaned into the wind and took off. Unfortunately his wings were unable to keep him aloft and he fell to his death.

An Italian, John Damain, who was appointed to the French Court of James IV as physician in 1507, constructed a pair of feather wings, and fastening them to his body, he tried to launch himself from the palace wall, but fell to the ground and broke a leg.

Possibly one of the most successful

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME.

I know you've found a new romance, a fresher thrill
I know you're acting like a heel—and always will.
(Do you think I care?)

I know you're telephoning her three times a day
And sending flowers and cigarettes—the same old play!
(Do you think I care?)

I know just how you stroke her hair and kiss her lips,
I know you've given her those gorgeous diamond clips
(Do you think I care?)

I'll say I do—I'm spitting chips!

KAY GRANT

early attempts was made by a Sable locksmith, Besnier, who used two rods rather like oars, at the ends of which were hinged flaps Raising these rods to his shoulders, Besnier worked the flaps up an.' down with his hands and feet They opened and acted upon the air as they descended closing on the upstroke With the assistance of these oars, Besnier actually made several safe landings after jumping from rooftops and trees It was believed but not witnessed, that he succeeded in gliding across a river.

By the nineteenth century air balloons had already been put to considerable usage The first successful voyage had been made in 1783 by a Frenchman Pilatre de Rozier, who held on to the end of a line attached to a balloon designed by the Montgolfier brothers From that date on, continuous improvement was made in the construction of balloons

There was also some experiment in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in air machines An Englishman, Alexis Paucton, designed a screw-driven aircraft in 1768, which consisted of a chair with two propellers One propeller was to lift the chair vertically into the air, and the other to keep it on an even keel Although Paucton had little success with his invention and ceased experimenting, the ideas incorporated in his machine showed that marked advancement had been made in the principles of flight

Nevertheless, it was the nineteenth century that yielded probably the most persistent and outstanding birdmen

Two of these, who provoked almost as much notoriety as did de Groof were Jakob Degan, a watchmaker of Vienna, and a German tailor named Berblinger

While he bent over his workbench dovetailing tiny cog wheels and setting his time machines ticking, 52-year-old Jakob Degan thought of flying He had been working secretly for a long time on a contraption which he was convinced would one day repay him for the time he had spent on it

It was a thin, gaunt little man who eventually emerged from the solitude of his workshop in 1809 to demonstrate his results to a number of people in a lofty theatre in Vienna.

He stood motionless, harnessed to two heart-shaped wings made of cane and bamboo and laboriously covered with 3500 flaps of varnished paper. The giant wingspread covered 130 square feet In addition, to diminish his own weight, he had constructed a counterweight running on rollers

At last, with the aid of a framework of rods, he set his wings in motion To everyone's amazement, the man slowly rose and soared to the roof

When the Emperor heard of this achievement, he bestowed handsome gifts on the birdman

Degan then decided to make another ascent in the Champ de Mars However, instead of a counterweight, he fastened a small balloon above the apparatus But when Degan operated his wings, the clockwork failed to function, and the people who watched booed and shouted with derision

The unhappy fellow went back to his workshop and gave up all further hope of overcoming the law of gravity

Berblinger's flying apparatus was an inferior repetition of Degen's

On May 30, 1811, he announced that he would fly from the city wall of Ulm across the Danube Thousands of people gathered to witness the flight, and among them was the King of Wurttemberg

But as he stood looking down into the river from the wall, Berblinger suddenly lost his confidence He moved his wings once or twice, took a short run, then stopped He did this several times but still could not make up his mind to jump

Then the King became impatient The next time Berblinger fluttered his wings, His Majesty made a sign to a police official standing behind the birdman The policeman gave him a push and Berblinger fell struggling and crying into the Danube He was fished out none the worse for his immersion, but he, too, gave up his ambitions to fly, and commercialised on his venture by cutting up the red and white he had used for his wings and making out of them women's parasoles

These crude attempts at flight were once considered to be evidence only of man's primeval desire to emulate nature, and of his envy of the easy, graceful power of gliding with which birds, butterflies and bats had been endowed

But in the light of the rapid advancement of aircraft design and construction during the last fifty years, it is perhaps easier to believe that these primitive ventures were but the early recognition of an evolution that was logical and inevitable



The mob said kill!



MICHAEL O'SHANE

The law now metes out justice to those who would take the law into their own hands and kill a man on insufficient evidence of guilt.

"THROW him out, you blue-bellied, nigger-loving sons of b——s."

Strong words, and words pregnant with danger when shouted angrily by a mob of five thousand inflamed men, women and children pushing and jostling around the doors of the Court House in Leeville, Texas, in the spring of 1930.

It was early on a Friday afternoon, and since daylight stern-faced men, equally grim-faced women, and children starry eyed with excitement and not a little fear had travelled from outlying farms and nearby towns to join in the clamour for blood—the blood of a negro.

This was a mob, a killing mob with emotions stirred and passions roused to the point of spontaneous and concerted action. Lawyer and labourer, farmer and physician, clerk and carter, all united with the one pervading blood-lust, howled for vengeance—or was it justice?—to their outraged feelings.

The incident started with a triviality on the previous Saturday, a negro farm labourer called at the house of his employer for his wages, a mere six dollars. The farmer was in Leeville and had forgotten to leave the money, so the negro went away grumbling, but not unduly upset. Shortly afterwards, he returned with a shotgun, threatened the farmer's wife and criminally assaulted her.

Escaping later, the woman raised the alarm, and a man-hunt was on as fast as telephone could rouse a sheriff's posse. The negro was eventually brought in after capture, single-handed, by a sheriff's officer. The claim by the officer that he had been fired on by the negro was discounted later by an independent commission of inquiry.

With the countryside already stirring, the authorities took the wise precaution of lodging the accused in a gaol some distance from Leeville. Throughout Monday a small group of men and boys prowled around the town gaol. Wild rumours spread until the exaggerated reports of the crime reached fantastic proportions.

By Tuesday night the crowd had swelled to a vast throng and natural leaders emerged, voicing a demand that the prisoner be handed over. Only after the sheriff had conducted some representatives of the mob through the gaol to prove that the negro was not held there did the crowd disperse, and then with ugly threats of future action.

Black, brooding temper smouldered in the crowd until the Friday morning, the day of the trial. Although serious trouble seemed probable, the judge refused to change the venue of the trial, he would hold his court despite the mob's threats. He did, however, take the precaution of calling for the services of four Texas Rangers as an extra guard for the prisoner.

Being fully aware of the temper of the crowd, the sheriff did not risk transporting him through the streets in daylight; he arranged for the Rangers to smuggle the negro into the court before dawn.

Throughout the morning, during the long process of selecting the jury inside the court, the crowd outside the building grew in density. Each hour of waiting fanned the smouldering fires of its anger; it cheered with wild enthusiasm when the rumour circulated that the Governor had ordered the Rangers not to shoot should any attempt to seize the negro be made.

At 1 p.m. a stretcher was carried through the streets from a nearby hospital to the Court House, on it was the woman victim of the assault. Nothing could have stirred the mob to wilder frenzy. The last shackles on restraint snapped like thin thread, the screaming, shouting, furious multitude surged as one, rushed the doors and burst into the Court House.

Fighting back desperately and using their drawn guns as batons, three of the Rangers took the first assault of the rush while the fourth released tear gas. Temporarily blinded, choking, gasping, coughing, but vowing vengeance, the mob stumbled back to the relief of the outside air.

Thus thwarted in the first mass assault, the mob had then shouted its violent demand for its prey. It hushed to a sudden silence as the stretcher emerged from the Court House; the bulk of a shapeless figure could be seen on the stretcher, it was covered with a draping sheet.

"It's a trick, they're smuggling the black son of a bitch away."

No sooner was the thought put into shouted word than the mob reacted, it surged forward, men and women fighting and jostling for positions close in from where they could pounce on the negro, but when the leader snatched the sheet from the body, the crowd fell back, ashamed and dismayed, for the woman lay unconscious on the stretcher, she had been prostrated by the tear gas.

Wild rumour flew, the woman had died of shock at the sight of her assailant. Hysteria swept the mob, blind, passionate, unreasoning anger burst all bonds, as, howling its fury, the multitude rushed the barred doors. Thoroughly alarmed, the judge abandoned the trial and ordered a change of venue. He directed that the prisoner be lodged in a fireproof, reinforced concrete vault on the second floor.

At 2.30 p.m. a woman smashed one of the lower windows and hurled a can of gasoline through the break. A firestick followed, and the Court

NAPOLEON is said to have preferred men with large noses and fate must surely have been laughing when it decreed that it should be Wellington who should finally bring him to the dust, for Wellington had the largest nose of them all. Large noses seem to be synonymous with fame, for a great many large noses have figured in history and letters—Caesar, for one, Shakespeare, Dickens and Dumas to mention a few.

House seethed with flame, the occupants being driven up the stairs to the second floor.

Having fought a passage through the crush, the Fire Brigade managed to run ladders up outside the building. The mob allowed the firemen to carry on though it howled its anger and derision when the Judge, the County Attorney, the Sheriff, and the Rangers were rescued. It did not interfere until all were saved, except the negro.

"Let him burn," the crowd shouted in unison.

Actuated by common impulse, men slashed the hoses to ribbons, dragged down ladders, and attacked the firemen personally, driving them from their stations. The mob cheered wildly as the Brigade abandoned the uneven fight, but one man made an injudicious remark at the sight of such wilful destruction of public property.

"Now ain't that a shame," he muttered.

No sooner had he spoken than he dropped to the ground unconscious, he had been felled by a blow on the head with a bottle.

At 4 p.m. a small detachment of the National Guard from a nearby town circled warily around the outskirts of the crowd, but, fearing its temper and its numbers, returned to their homes without attempting any action.

Two hours later fifty-two National Guardsmen arrived, but the mob, hurling stones, bottles, and sticks of dynamite, drove them back three blocks to the gaol. There, with reinforcements, the troops made a stand, shooting over the heads of the crowd, but they did not attempt to attack, leaving it free to return to the Court House.

For four hours up till midnight, the burg steel and reinforced concrete vault defied all efforts of the mob to burst it open. Then, with an acetylene torch and working from the top of a long ladder, one of the mob leaders managed to cut a hole in the steel door big enough to take a charge of dynamite.

A sudden hush fell over the crowd as the charge was tamped home. It persisted until the blast, then a mighty cheer roared forth, for the dynamite had blown a hole in the door large enough for a man to enter. The leader climbed through.

"Here he is," he shouted, as he emerged and tossed down the dead body of the negro (killed by either the fire or the explosion).

Lynching (the name comes from Charles Lynch, an eighteenth century Virginian) is classed as Bourbon, being against a particular individual for a special crime, or proletariat, being of economic origin, generally in depression periods, and usually directed against a racial minority.

Australia's major case occurred in Kalgoorlie in January, 1934, following the death of Jordan, an Australian miner, after falling from a blow struck by an Italian barman of the Home from Home Hotel. Ninety-two business premises, besides houses and shacks, were wrecked and burned.

According to Dr. H. V. Evatt, who investigated, the riot was economic in origin and was directed against aliens because of alleged unfair preferences in the mines. The killing of Jordan was merely the spark to the tinder. The Italian was later acquitted, but apart from numerous summary convictions, eight men were later sentenced on criminal charges. Comparison with American figures in this respect heavily favours Australia.

Unfortunately the temper of the masses has hanged innocent men.

As often as not, it is later proved that the victim was not guilty of the crime for which he has been lynched. Of twenty-eight lynchings in 1930 the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynchings reported that eight only were probably guilty. The Leeville victim was the most definitely guilty of those eight.

"Take him to Nigger Town! Take him to Nigger Town!"

The Leeville mob was not satisfied with the death of the negro, nor even with the sight of his body hanging from a limb of an elm in front of the gaol. A Ford roadster, in which were two boys and two girls, was requisitioned as a tumbril. The body was secured to the back of the car, and five thousand yelling, cheering people formed a bizarre procession, many of them singing "Happy Days Are Here Again!"

On a tall cottonwood tree in front of a negro druggist's shop, the black body was hoisted in chains to the hilarious shouts of the mob. With axes, hammers, and sheer man-power the crowd crashed into the nearby stores, pillaging, destroying, and piling furniture and fittings high under the swinging corpse.

To the frenzied cheers from five thousand throats, the flames leaped high. Amidst a weird babel of screaming, yelling, and singing, to dancing and the meaningless, surging sway of a multitude of normally sane men, women, and children in the grip of mob hysteria, the body was burned.

Sated at last, some of the crowd went home, but the rest launched themselves into an orgy of looting, and beating throughout the negro quarters. Two thousand Leeville negroes fled for their lives, the mob was running them out of the town.

At 1 a.m. on Saturday 150 more troops arrived, with more later, until at dawn 419 members of the National Guard were under arms with rifles, tear gas, and machine-guns; Leeville was under control.

Martial law was declared, and the clean-up started. A military court eventually handed over twenty-nine men and 600 typed pages of evidence to the civil authorities and, after nine days in occupation, the troops were withdrawn.

The venue of the civil trial was moved to another town, for no jury could be impanelled that would convict, whatever the evidence. One man (of bad local repute) was sentenced to two years for arson, but he was released before completing his term. The remaining men were never brought to trial.







Cupboards are the handiest things Where better to stow the poker-chips, out-dated magazines and fancy-work? But wait, that's not the function for which they were intended Pre-16th century cupboards were truly cup boards—merely shelves for drinking vessels.

When is a bedroom not a room? When it is a bed The answer was not always as obscure as it sounds to-day The Elizabethans slept in passage rooms that led one into the other Necessity inspired the tester, posts and curtains A bit small perhaps, but that's how private rooms started.





Life for us is just one damned uniform after another But it was not always so The vogue was begun by that provocative sovereign, the eighth Henry, when he decided to make his army regular, and ordered that it be known in the field by the St. George Cross worn on the jerkin, and that the king's men of each parish wear a distinguishing dress.

"What would we do without coffee? ask the Bohemians whose trade, or pleasure, demands they keep the early watches The stimulative properties of the bean have been gratefully appreciated since its first brewing—which took place after a monk discovered that by chewing the berries of the shrub he was able to remain awake at matins!





The grandest musical instrument is the organ—and the lowliest the penny whistle Right? Well, here's where the twain do meet! Even a modern organ is only so many whistles played in a mechanical way A bright spark of mediaeval times started it with a small portable pipe organ, but before that there were—just so many whistles!



getting the GOLD

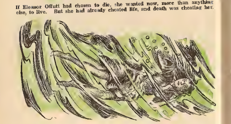
SHADES of the Forty-niners . . . They're gold-digging again in California! And actress Jo Jordan shows how its done. Scoop tray and kitchen strainer are the only tools of trade The kit would not have suited the old timers . . . and they'd have been aghast at the get-up . . but Jo likes it fine, so she takes advantage of every golden opportunity to visit the beaches prospecting bent. She's sure there are specks of gold under the sand . . . and she won't overlook the beach proper . . . no knowing what a bright-eyed gold digger might find!

Lots of people have the mistaken idea that the glamorous lasses who decorate movie, radio and stage really hit the high spots when not working "T'aint so," says Jo "Being an actress is a tough grind and plenty competitive A girl has to be in shape in more ways than one." . If results count for anything, Jo's programme has a lot to commend it

Even if she doesn't find gold, Jo will go back with a nice healthy tan. Truth were known, that's all she's counting on! The patchwork accessory gives her away Well, you never know when a really rich prospector will come along Come to think of it, gold-digging never did go out of vogue!

7 HOURS OF SUICIDE

If Eleanor Offutt had chosen to die, she wanted now, more than anything else, to live. But she had already cheated life, and death was cheating her.



PETER DAVIS

TO the pasengers aboard the steamar **Lilian Luckenbach** as she left San Francisco nearly 12 years ago (Nov., 1937), Eleanor Offutt was an enigma.

What was the mystery behind her sombre eyes. An unhappy love affair, most people guessed

When three passengers, after some argument gained her consent to make a fourth at bridge one night, they imagined they might probe her secret To their surprise and dismay as a clock chimed midnight, she suddenly flung down her cards in the middle of a hand and without a word of apology rushed to her cabin

At 1 a.m a white-faced stewardess reported that the inscrutable Miss Offutt had disappeared Four sealed letters, one addressed to the Captain, three to persons in New York, told their story, without need to open them. Officers hurriedly searched the ship, but every second lent certainty to the possibilities of self-destruction.

"We don't know when she left the ship," said the first officer "The poor girl's probably gone to the bottom an hour ago . . ."

"No doubt," agreed the Captain, but this strange story of the sea is interwoven with his strange certainty that a human life might yet be saved. Had some inner sense warned him a miracle was taking place? The ship was than hundreds of miles from land Though there seemd little use in turning back to search the white-crested waves of a shark-infested sea, the fact remains that the captain gave orders to retrace the course the **Lilian Luckenbach** had followed

Hour after hour a searchlight swung to and fro over the black ocean The sailors on watch followed its beam, waiting for the dawn to convince them that all was futile.

Yet amid those dark waters, as they searched Eleanor Offut still lived, struggling at last against a terrible fate She could not swim She had been certain of death Yet now she found she could not drown

When she flung herself from the deck and was carried far down through the water, it seemed she would never rise again During that awful descent, the clinging despair of the past few weeks deserted her, she wished for nothing but to live Then she found herself floating on the surface, the stars glittering above her head, the great mass of the ship gliding by.

She put out her hand and touched it. With the thought of the propeller, terror seized her The revolving screw . . .

She closed her eyes, waiting, kicking Then the danger was past, although the ship was leaving her behind She screamed but its few lights receded farther and farther Soon she was alone on that wide sea, without hope, with only the stars and the waves

That was the miracle of Eleanor Offutt For seven hours she floated on the ocean's breast, hour succeeding hour as she still lived In the first few minutes, she made up her mind to make no attempt to struggle but to await her fate in peace. She became stiff with cold, but enjoyed the stealing sensation Soon she would sleep . . .

Suddenly a grey shape came stealing toward her A raft? A ship? For a few seconds her confused mind could not grasp her danger. All through the night she seemed to have caught a glimpse of strange shapes, lights the glowing outline of land that broke and vanished Hallucinations? Now she knew that this was reality—shark—and all the terrifying tales she had ever heard of sharks came flooding into her mind

She screamed in despair, splashed wildly with her legs and arms . and instantly sank When, coughing and gasping, she came to the surface, she knew that her only chance was to remain still and placid

The sinister shadow of the night had disappeared Hours more seemed to pass in constant terror of sharks Her neck burned intolerably Excruciating pains ran through her limbs As dawn broke she said to herself in amazement, "So I am to see the light of the sun again!"

An intolerable weariness possessed her

Did she sleep in that sea? All she knows is that she opened her eyes and daylight had fully come and a ship was very close Despite her shrieks, it seemed to pass without noticing her till in its white wake she caught sight of a rowboat. Men's voices called to her encouragingly Hands snatched her from the watery grave

To the skipper of the **Lilian Luckenbach** it seemed almost unbelievable that he had picked up his missing passenger only ten minutes before be had agreed to abandon the search When Eleanor Offutt had practically recovered, he paid her a visit, questioned her and received no answer He returned her sealed letters unopened Still she would say nothing save allow her eyes to express mute gratitude.

As they docked at New York, word of the drama had leaked out and reporters raided the ship She eluded them It was only weeks afterwards that she told a friend of the agony of her seven hours wait for death. . .



WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF FASHION

How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value, her whole prospects of happiness in life may even depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of sense she will find this out.

Sydney Smith. Lady Holland Memoirs.

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties while she hides, reveals.
Gives but a glimpse and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was

Edward Moore

Silk was invented so that women could go naked in clothes

Mahomet

Let your person please by cleanliness and be made swarthy by the campus, let your toga fit and be spotless.

Ovid

A well tied tie is the first serious step in life.

Oscar Wilde

Dress drains our cellar dry and keeps our larder lean.

Cowper.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken.

William Hazlitt.

Though wrong the mode, comply, more sense is shown in wearing others' follies than our own.

Edward Young.

Good clothes open all doors.

Thomas Fuller.

Ava Gardner, M-G-M. star

FRIEND of SAVAGES

John Gilbert propped himself up on his arm, the better to see his young friend across the tent.

"You know, Murphy, I reckon there's a woman at the bottom of these natives. They've been trailing us ever since that skirmish Charlie and Brown had with them the other day."

"A woman, eh, John?"

"Yes, sir, a woman! Charley wouldn't stop at anything if he could get a hand on one of those native women. Mark my words, young Murphy, those natives have been outraged and we'll be fortunate if we don't have serious trouble."

John Gilbert, botanist and geologist felt no danger at the moment, for blacks, as a general rule, did not attack at night. Roger and Calvert were in the other tent. Phillip, he knew, was down by the water. Leichhardt and the two aborigines, Charley and Brown, were on guard by the fire.

Gilbert recalled that he had disputed Charley's inclusion in the expedition right at the beginning. That was nearly nine months ago. Charley had refused to prepare their breakfast, and then made matters worse with insulting language to the leader. Charley had apologised the next day and Leichhardt had taken him back. But Gilbert was suspicious.

And then there was this business with Brown. Of course it was not to be wondered that men would become restless after nine months on the trek, and still no sign of the Gulf, but when the two natives had begun to quarrel it had added to the difficulties.

John Gilbert began to think about his diary—a collection of impressions and his notes of botanical specimens. His notebook was filled and now he was overwriting the notes already made. He hoped he would be able to read them when he returned. He was almost asleep, when he heard the first bloodthirsty scream of attacking natives. He heard Leichhardt's call for gun caps and then he was out from under his covers and reaching for his own gun.

As he grabbed his gun a spear flew through the half light of the tent opening, found its mark in his breast and John Gilbert sank to the ground.

With the bark of guns the natives vanished and within a few minutes of the first howling scream all was quiet. But John Gilbert, friend of the blacks, was dead by tha hand of those for whom he had worked.

They buried him under a tree, on on which was inscribed his name and age. But there was no mound—only the remains of a fire which they burned to remove any evidence of a grave.



Being an account of how a couple of contrary "cratures" settled a nagging problem for two "schemin' spalpeens"

THE BOUNDARY FENCE

MERVYN ANDREWS



Baldy, bellowing raucously, crashed through the trough.

HAVING completed her assault on the breakfast dishes, Martha Sweeney carried the tin dish to the door. With a deft swirl and a masterly last-minute change of aim she swished the water along the verandah. The moulting rooster, the clucking Black Orpington, and the speckled hen retreated precipitously with squawks of protest.

"It's not cleanin' that up after ye I'll have to be," the woman said, with a grin of satisfaction.

Bright morning sunshine and her temporary victory over the poultry encouraged Martha to song as she walked towards the bedroom.

"The har-rup that once through," she carolled with high, off-key enthusiasm "Tar-rah's Ar-r-r-rh."

The screaming wail of woe, like a banshee in delirium, cut short all pretence of song. Martha stood petrified, her hand clutching the door, her mouth gaping open, her eyes staring in stark horror; the beast stood framed in the window, its face a grey blot like an asbestos mask, with sinister curving horns spiralling above.

"Moorrrh!"

The beast growled, a hoarse, diabolic, satanic snarl. Martha fled incontinently, shrilling a penetrating squeal of terror, screaming for Pat. Warned of her approach, the poultry scattered. She raced across the yard as if all the devils of hell pursued her. The crash and rattle as she tripped over the poddy bucket added to her frenzy; she somersaulted with undreamed of agility and thudded blindly into Pat as he emerged from the shed.

"'Twas the divil himself," she gasped in her terror. "In me own bedroom he was, wid the face of him, an' the horns, an' his red coat around him, an' the tail of him shakin' at me in his wrath."

Looking over her head as he tried to calm her, Pat cut short the secret mumbling of his prayer when he saw a raw-boned, red cow lumbering across the paddock for the break in the post and rail boundary fence which

it had made a short hour before. He thrust his trembling wife aside with a rough shove and took a firm grip of his six-foot snake stick.

"To the divil wid ye, woman," he said angrily, as he launched in pursuit. "'Tis naught but Murphy's white-faced cow."

Warned by Martha's first scream, the cow had withdrawn its head hurriedly from the bedroom window, abandoned its feast on the curtains and, wise in tactics of strategic retreat, had headed for the sanctuary of its own pasture.

"Quane o' the Fianna," Dinny Murphy had christened it as a calf, though Baldy was its common designation. Once in its own rock-strewn pasture it stopped and faced the man with haughty dignity. Pat swore that it grinned at him derisively, banishing the last remnants of his restraint. Neither the laws against trespass nor Dinny Murphy's justifiable anger could stay him; he launched himself at the cow with the stick flailing.

Taken by surprise Baldy wheeled and, bellowing raucously, charged for the house with Sweeney, panting for breath, just behind it, belabouring its rump. The cow hurdled squealing pigs, she scattered squawking fowls, she crashed through the pig trough, spilling the swill over the ground. Pat, unable to avoid the hazard, pitched headlong into the muck.

By the time Sweeney had picked himself up and wiped the slime from his face, Baldy had disappeared. She took shelter on the front verandah where, in the company of Sweeney's old grey mare, she placidly chewed the cud until the tumult subsided. Then she wandered off unnoticed for further adventures through the broken fence.

Though the cow was not in sight when Pat rose, Dinny Murphy was. The little man's mouth worked desperately to control his anger, and his short ginger moustache bristled like the hairs on a boar's neck, but the tall, broad-shouldered Sweeney was equally furious.

"Where be she?" he shouted, waving his stick wildly. "'Tis cut the heart out uv her an' fade it to the pigs Oi will—the rampagin', murtherin' varmint. 'Twas the divil himself as sired her, an' that same's father to yerself, Murphy, Oi'm thinkin'."

Dinny raised an appeasing hand. "'Tis not yerself ye be this mornin', Pat, an' small wonder at that, but it's a foine litter Rose o' Erin's bin havin', an' it's yeself I'm wantin' to see it."

"A foine sow is the Rose," Sweeney agreed, mollified. "An' it's seein' the suckers Oi'd like to be."

By the time that the big sow had been inspected and the contents of whisky bottle consumed, the two men were in more friendly accord, but Pat insisted on Murphy repairing the fence.

"But the pore innocent beast just wanders through the holes yer ould grey mare's bin makin' these two years," Dinny protested.

"'Tis mendin' it ye'll be,' Sweeney persisted doggedly; he was shaken by the truth about the grey mare, but he and Murphy had been scheming and counter-scheming for a year to get the other to mend the fence, this chance was too good to miss.

"With all the will in the world I'd be doin' it," Dinny wheedled. "But it's me shoulder, bad cess to it, it's scarce to me mouth I can be liftin' me hand whin I be scratchin' me ear."

Wincing with pain at each jerky movement, Dinny raised his right arm. Sweeney watched suspiciously; the disability had not been evident at Murphy's turn to lift the whisky bottle, though the complaint was notoriously bad when in proximity to work.

"Sbure an' Oi wouldn't be askin' ye to be liftin' yer hands higher'n the belly uv ye," Sweeney told him with a sly grin. "Oi'll be liftin' the rails fer ye after ye've dug the holes."

Murphy knew that Sweeney had his [illegible]ts, you could lead him to the swill, just like a pig, but you could not drive him to market. Bowing to the inevitable, he went to the house for tools, and there he glimpsed the grey mare under the verandah. He sidled up to Bridget and whispered earnestly in her ear. She nodded a ready agreement, and Dinny went off with Sweeney.

"Twas yer mare as did it," Murphy protested again, when the two stood disconsolately at the broken fence. "See the tracks."

"'Twas yer cow," Sweeney returned obstinately, but his confidence was shaken, he conciliated. "'Tis togither we'll do it, thin 'tis none can say hard feelin's be weldin' the bonds uv our frindship asunder."

"It's iron as is stronger than wood," Dinny suggested hopefully, he knew how close to the surface was the rock bottom. "'Tis bindin' the old posts togither we could be doin'."

"Divil take ye fer a lazy spalpeen," Pat retorted. "'Tis three new posts we'll be havin', an' Oi'll be gittin' 'em from me shed while ye be sinkin' the holes. An' ful deep, ye'll be sinkin' 'em, too."

"Thin it's yar crowbar Oi'll be nadin'," Murphy said resignedly. "'Twas lavin' me own behind whin Oi brought it."

Sweeney scowled but trudged off to the house, while Dinny sat on the ground, brooding gloomily. It was only a miracle or Bridget's prompt action that could save him, he thought, and it seemed that Bridget had failed him, for here was Sweeney returning.

Taking the bar, Dinny raised it two inches from the ground, but his ears were straining anxiously. Suddenly he grinned with relief, loud cries resounded from the Murphy house, amidst a squawking of fowls and a clatter of tins, the old grey mare charged from the yard, belaboured by Bridget's broom. With the instincts of self-preservation, the horse raced for the gap in the fence but, seeing the men there, it swerved and crashed through the tumble-down structure a few yards above them. Dinny dropped the bar and turned on Sweeney belligerently.

"'Twas yer horse as done it," Dinny cried angrily.

Confronted by such indubitable evidence, Sweeney wilted. He became apologetic and volunteered to repair the damaged fence himself. Dinny looked uncompromising, but he stood by sullenly while Sweeney drove in the crowbar to lever out the old posts, but at the first lift of the bar, a high-pitched, wailing scream rose from the Sweeney home.

Both men swung round in time to see the white-faced cow career madly from Sweeney's front verandah. In its back-humping gallop it lurched across the field, tail flying, then, on seeing the two men, it veered off and crashed through the fence below them.

With a resigned shrug of his shoulders, Dinny looked at Pat. "'Tis a whole new fence we should be puttin' up," he ventured scornfully.

"Indade an' it is, Dinny," Sweeney admitted. "But will we be nadin' it at all, it's in their own paddocks the bastes'll be stayin' quite contint, if there be no fince fer them to be breakin' down fer to be gittin' out, the contrary cratures."

The light of a great inspiration flooded Dinny Murphy's face.

"'Tis the truth that ye're speakin', Pat. An' it's cratures ye mentioned," he said suggestively. "'Tis a drop of that same Oi'm nadin' fer the aches an' the pains uv me shoulder after all the wurrk Oi've bin doin'."

"'Tis a bottle o' that same Oi be havin' hid in the wood heap beyant the shed," Sweeney acknowledged, considering the price of it cheap against the labour of repairing the boundary fence.

THE *Golden* MUTINEER

CEDRIC MENTIPLAY

It was a pretty serious storm, but it passed. The playboy rival was left finishing something he should never have started.



Starlight gave a convulsive bound that sent Jerry clawing for a thwart.

As I sprinted along the beach towards the jetty a white-headed tern banked in lazy grace against the thrust of the wind, and came sliding back on motionless wings to take a closer look. There was a sparkle on the water, and the breeze blew keen and fragrant from the sea.

It was all so perfect—and so wrong. To suit my mood there should have been storm, with the sea-birds moving off inland and the wave-crests flattening to the beginnings of a gale. Something was blowing up, something with the power to pitch me high and dry on a lee shore when up till now my course had seemed fair enough—and it had nothing to do with the weather.

That was how I felt, apprehensive and a little panic-stricken, when I skidded round the groyne in a flurry of sand and headed into the path through the sand-hills. It is my only explanation for what happened.

Suddenly it was there before me—the face I detested. It was one of those lean, hard, tweedy faces with slick black hair and perfect teeth flashing through a colour-scheme of synthetic suntan. Jerry Knox raised his eyebrows at me in that languid way of his, and flicked a tired hand.

It was all he had time for. Pure reflex brought my fist up. I knew a tingling joy when it smacked home with a meaty thud. When the dust cleared Jerry was sitting in the middle of the track, a surprised look on his face.

It should have been easy from there. Here was the author of all my troubles. All I had to do was to beat him to a jelly if he wanted fight or chase him out of town if he turned tail. That would remove the rocks from the fairway, would leave everything plain sailing again for me and Bess. So simple, eh?

"A little rattled, Ronnie boy?" murmured Jerry, clasping his jaw. "Can't take opposition, eh?"

He was coming off the ground as he spoke, and his eyes flitted for a moment over my left shoulder. I turned, and saw that the worst had happened. Bess was on the jetty—had been watching us since that first collision. She was tall and straight in her heavy turtle-necked sweater and salt-stained slacks, and the breeze made a golden flag of the short tresses of her hair—but I could see even at that distance that she was angry.

I squared off to meet Jerry's charge. By all reports he should come in swinging like a windmill. Wealthy playboys always behaved that way, I had been told, in arguments they could not alibi out of. With justice and hard-living on my side, I had nothing to worry about.

He came in readily enough, but he was grinning slightly, and his hands were up in a workmanlike southpaw stance. I noted for the first time that the shoulders under the tailored sports jacket were wide and capable, and that for all his lazy ways he did not appear to have a spare ounce on him.

I swung for the jaw again, a jaw invitingly extended—and was blocked by a forearm like an iron bar. Then we were together, milling, fists going in short-arm jabs for the ribs and wind. I was within inches of that handsome face, still with its slight smile.

'The history of stage censorships goes back 300 years to the time when King Charles II granted letters patent to Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant, making them the sole custodians of theatrical amusements in the metropolis, and thus, it was hoped, "ensuring against profanation and scurrility" in the theatre. But thirty years later, these were the theatrical characteristics violently attacked by Jeremy Collier, in a book which had the lamentable result of driving William Congreve from dramatic authorship.

"So glad you started this, Ron," he murmured. "You've been no help at all up to now—and you know, you've had the inside running all the time. She wouldn't look at me—but she will now, after she saw that performance of yours, eh?"

"What?" I gasped stupidly.

Then something like a trip-hammer started on my ribs. I went back, trying to block the blows. Something whistled up from ground-level and exploded in my right eye. The big fellow before me had sprouted a dozen steel-tipped arms and was smashing in with every one.

"Hold up, old man!" said Jerry conversationally, accepting a clinch he didn't need. "I want this to look good. It's a little lesson in being able to finish what you start, eh? By the way she talked, that lass idolised you—but your feet of clay are showing!"

I saw red after that. Forgetting what little I knew about the boxing game, I want after him. I had to pound that grinning, handsome face to a pulp. But it seemed to dance before me in a star-spangled haze. What blows did go home landed like feather pillows. The returns were slowly cutting me to pieces.

"I'll get you, you—" I raved.

"Hush, Ronnie. There's a lady present," came a mocking voice from a great distance. "How will you have it—full-face or profile?"

I felt myself being manoeuvred into position, and could do nothing about it. My eyes were all but closed, and that pounding had done things to my wind. I was in the hands of a master—that was all. But the sickness inside me went deeper than that.

I was still standing on rubbery legs, still trying to land one worthwhile punch, when I realised hazily that my target had gone. My vision cleared for a moment. Jerry Knox was strolling nonchalantly away, flicking dust off the knees of his palest-grey slacks—and he was going to meet Bess!

"Are you all right, Jerry?" she was saying. "I saw what happened—or I would never have believed it! What a fool I've been!"

"Quite all right, Bess." Jerry's off-hand tone was carefully calculated to achieve the best effect. "Bad show, really, but I had to defend myself, eh?"

"Of course. I'll never forgive myself for thinking so much of Ron. I—I must have been blind—"

"That's all right, old girl. I can imagine how you feel. Let's just get as far away from his as possible—you and I, eh? Must have been a bad shock—"

Their voices died away. I sank wearily to a sandhill. The bottom had fallen out of things. It had been a long time since I first realised that Bess could be the only one for me. We had been together for so long—as long as either of us could remember. And now it was finished. A playboy, with the unbeatable combination of money, good looks—and a straight left. And I had to make a play like that!

Wall, that's what a fellow got for leaving the field open. I cursed myself for not having told Bess how I felt about her when I had her to myself. But we'd been such mates I had rather counted on her knowing anyway, and realising that I would ask her just as soon as I was in a position to make a seriously proposition. It seemed safe enough then. . . . I didn't know this Knox would come along with his engaging manners and his cash.

I raised my hand to wipe a trickle of blood from my face, and shrugged. What hurt me more than the stinging blows was my disappointment in Bess. Her solicitation for Knox had been galling . . . and her observation about never forgiving herself for having thought so much of me . . .

"I should have mentioned he was amateur heavyweight champion at Uni," said a mild voice. "It was all he ever learned there—but I must say he's no slouch."

The face of Bill Travis, wrinkled and brown as a piece of old leather, peered down at me. With his one good hand he was making his usual neat job of packing and lighting his pipe. His blue eyes were kindly.

"I suppose you saw it too," I mumbled through mashed lips. "I suppose Bess was right, at that. You wouldn't think much of me as a son-in-law after that exhibition, anyway."

He eased himself down beside me and puffed away for a while before replying. When at last he did so it was as if I had not spoken.

"I've known you almost as long as I've known Bess," he said, "And she's my daughter. You kids built sand-castles together, and sailed your first canoe off this beach. Later on it was your first dance, and then—it's been getting round to the time that for your own good you ought to be married.

"Then this fellow turns up, with all the money in the world, and a reputation with women that's interesting to say the least. Now my Bess has a lot of sense, and she's been keeping him at arm's length—but with you pulling a bone-headed play like that things are apt to be different. I don't like it, Ron."

"Nor do I. But—she never looked at me—"

"More fool she," said Bill, as we rose together and headed towards the jetty. "I've a feeling that little scene was rigged. If you hadn't obligingly tapped him on the chin, he would have forced the issue some other way. He's a showman, all right, and quite a psychologist."

"And I'm a damned fool," I added.

"Granted. But you were giving away about two stone—and you were still fighting back when he broke off. I wouldn't worry about taking a licking. There'll be other times."

"Other times!" I couldn't conceal my bitterness. "That's hardly likely now. But—where do you think they've gone?"

The old man shook his head. "All I know is that he had a car here—that long red roadster of his. He wanted her to go for a drive, but she had some sort of arrangement with you, didn't she? Sailing, or something?"

I nodded, and felt even worse as I remembered the day we had planned

CAN'T YOU KEEP ANYTHING SECRET?

Happy little feller
Everybody knows
Spick and span and quite a man
From head to polished toes—
How he holds his liquor
Through all the longest shows'
Maybe that is why you'll see
He's mighty like a rose

for ourselves—a run out to the Brothers in the sailing canoe the three of us had made A dainty craft, she was slim and speedy, but trickier to manage than my trusty old dinghy "Starlight"

Gloomily I sat down on the stringer at the end of the jetty, and watched Bill lay out his fishing gear It was a ritual with the old man now, and one that he loved beyond all else But today he seemed uneasy, slow to settle down Every now and then he would glance up at the sky, then squint along the shoreline After one of these inspections be cocked a shrewd eye at me.

"Well, that answers your question," he said "She's a strong-willed lass, and go sailing she will—but she's changed crews!"

The tiny shape of a sailing canoe moved out from behind the headland where the boat-shed was A spindly ray of sunshine, striking from under a low bank of cloud, touched with bright gold the hair of the girl who sat in the stern Under her direction, a man with patent-leather hair eased the sheet as the canoe came round

She passed quite close to the end of the jetty, and Bess saluted jauntily with a wave of her hand Jerry released the sheet long enough to shake hands with himself over his head like a winning boxer Quite a card, Jerry Knox Then the canoe ran swiftly down the bay

It seemed to me that the sun had disappeared for the day now, and that the breeze was keener. I was surprised to see how quickly the canoe vanished from sight in a low haze that was hanging over the water Fervently I hoped for rain

Bill's voice cut into my thoughts "Get your boat out, Ron," he said gravely "Take a cruise down to the entrance. Come on, shake it up!"

"I'm no gooseberry," I answered sullenly, "and I've made enough of a fool of myself today Bess knows what she wants"

"Listen, lad!" There was an urgency in Bill's voice "I know the forecast is for a fine day, but my bones tell me there's dirty weather coming up—cyclone weather I'd like you to be close handy, in case there's trouble"

I laughed bitterly "She sails that canoe like a witch—and with that new lee-board we fitted she can lay the canoe closer to the wind than 'Starlight'"

"But she hasn't shipped the lee-board," said Bill, "I noticed as she passed us. It's not there!"

I raced along the beach to the boat-shed, leaving the old man on the jetty By the time I had slid 'Starlight' into the water the overcast had crept right across the sky Through north and west the air glowed with a peculiar shade of copper A flight of gulls wailed overhead, making for the inland marshes

'Starlight' isn't much more than a sailing dinghy, but what there is of her is good Bill and Bess and I worked on her one whole winter, and we built into her something of the lives of all three of us, and of our people who lived a hundred years beside the wilful beauty of the bay

Before I was fairly clear of the shore, the wind shifted again, blowing fairly down the bay I let out my sheet and prayed for a forrard hand to send 'Starlight' wing and wing before it Then the wind was a great force behind me, making the weather stay strum like a guitar string, and I knew that even the sail I had could be too much

'Starlight' was fairly skimming now, a vibrant, living thing riding the power of the gale Off to port the rocky peninsula which bounded the bay was sliding past with amazing speed I peered ahead, but there was no sign of the canoe A glance astern made me gasp Jetty and shoreline were blotted out by a grey haze of driving rain

I took her in closer to the peninsula, knowing that at its tip there would be a lee Before I had reached it the rain was upon me, a wild, brutal rain which beat upon my neck and shoulders like buckshot and streamed in wind-blown sheets from the drumming surface of the sail I could see fifty yards, no more, so that the first warning I had that we had reached the entrance was when a knife-edge of rock whipped past the port bow

I put my helm over, and felt the wind die as we ran under the shelter of the headland Eagerly I searched the tiny cove now streaming and hazy with rain The canoe had to be there! Ten minutes convinced me that this last hope had failed Sick at heart, I hauled up the centre-board and let 'Starlight' drift in until she grounded in the shallows.

Then someone called my name A sodden, dripping figure in the remnants of what had once been a smart pair of nautical slacks staggered down the beach It took me a moment or two before I recognised this shivering wreck, with the long black hair plastered across his face, as the once-immaculate Jerry.

"Thank God you've come" he gasped "We were right in the entrance when the storm hit us We—"

"Where's Bess?" I demanded

"We—we were getting driven out Paddle as we would, we couldn't hold the canoe straight Under the sail she just skated sideways We were out there—not more than a hundred yards from shelter—and couldn't make it!"

"Look—you swine—where's Bess?"

"She—she ordered me to jump overboard and swim ashore. I didn't see her after that I thought she was following, honest I did She—she must be still out there."

I looked at him, and at the howling bedlam outside the cove At that time I felt neither anger nor contempt for him, only pity for his weakness and a growing disgust at myself for allowing him to come within a yard of Bess.

"Wherever she is now, on the sea or under it you should be with her," I said "Get aboard!"

'But—but you're not going out in that You're mad!"

"Get aboard!"

He cringed there on the beach. Shock and fatigue had so numbed his wits that he made no attempt to cover up when I came at him My first blow split his lips, my second stretched him full length and blubbering on the sand. After a minute or so he scrambled to his feet and lurched aboard 'Starlight.' I followed him, feeling more than ever disgusted with myself.

I reefed her down before we left the cove With that and the extra weight aboard I figured we had a chance I was counting on the possibility that Bess, without a sea-anchor and unable to make headway, had decided to run before the wind In my

mind's eye I had a clear map of the coastline, including the last chance. I knew exactly where I wanted to go, but had no great opinion of my chances of getting there. The question was, would Bess, confronted by the same conditions, make the same decision?

We were scarcely clear of the reefs before the wind was on us again with a maniac whoop of glee. "Starlight" gave one convulsive bound that sent Jerry clawing for a thwart, and then she was off again, finding her balance like the thoroughbred she was. The last vague shape of land faded out of sight astern and the grey curtain of the storm fell all around us.

I expected trouble with Jerry as the effects of my blows wore off, but none eventuated. A fresh misery crept into his aching body. Without releasing his hold on the thwart, he leaned overside—and I observed without malice that his judgment even here was faulty. Sea sickness in a small boat is the most violent kind, and if Jerry thought himself in the hands of a madman bent on taking him far out to sea he was probably praying that I should sink us both as quickly as possible.

I brought "Starlight" round a little, so that we were running with the wind abaft the beam. If my calculations were correct, and the wind had not shifted more than a few points, we should be roughly on target. If not—we had the wide sea before us, and nothing in our path.

We were well out now, and the swells were looming up astern before they swung under us with a dizzying motion. The wind ripped the crests from them, and the spray swept over us in stinging clouds. The minutes dragged by to the tune of the slapping rattle of our passage, the roar of rain and the moaning of the wind. I began to think the last chance had failed me.

Then it seemed that the rain slackened. I saw the loom of land—a high rock, nothing more, and a moment later I heard the thunder of surf. The rock—that was the tallest of the Brothers, standing in their half-moon of reefs—and behind their massive shapes anything from a liner to a canoe could find shelter!

I brought "Starlight" around carefully, easing along to where a small shingle beach nestled between two hound's-tooth pinnacles. Then I breathed slowly outwards in a heartfelt sigh of relief. The long, slim hull of the canoe was drawn high up under the rocks, and beside it a golden-haired girl was waving energetically.

I beached "Starlight" carefully, and jumped ashore with the killick. The business of making fast occupied all my attention, but I knew the moment she was beside me.

"Ron! You came! I knew you would!"

Still I could not look at her. I turned towards the boat, and nodded as a groaning, staggering figure splashed ashore and collapsed on the sand.

"I brought your boy-friend," was all I could think to say. "He's a bit shop-soiled—but you started this trip together. I thought you'd like to finish it."

Then she was laughing—the sort of laughter Bess has, that comes from deep down inside her. Her hair was wet and grimed with salt, but it still had the gleam of treasure in it.

"No, Ron! No!" she gasped. "Why else did I leave the lee-board behind? And do you believe I couldn't have reached the shore with Jerry—if I'd wanted to? That was all over when he took my orders and abandoned ship. You wouldn't take an order from me, would you, Ron? Not one like that?"

It was some time afterwards that we noticed the rain had stopped. There was still a stiff breeze, but the storm had passed as quickly as it had arisen. Bess gently disentangled herself from my arms.

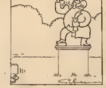
"Let's take 'Starlight' now and run in to Fraser Beach," she said. "We've a lot of planning to do."

"That's an order I'll take," I replied. "But what about—that?" I pointed to where Jerry huddled miserably against a rock.

"I think he'll like it better here until we send a launch out," she mused. "He's—he's still finishing something he started."





ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT No. 57.

Land clearance

When you first set eyes on your "dream lot" despite the happy burblings of the little woman about the "picturesque grandeur of nature in the raw" etc., etc., you cannot help recalling that old Army phrase "Terrain, rugged."

Comes the time for practical action in the business of clearing. Upon lifting a hollow log you discover that you have disturbed the domicile of about two hundred generations of red-backed spiders.

After spending about two hours of sweat and blood trying to cut down a tree, you have jarred your wrists, and made an enemy for life of the bloke whose property the tree was on he being a tree lover.

At least you have a few roots and stumps that you can call your own, and with the aid of a block and tackle and the car, you proceed to do a spot of root grubbing. During which time you discover that this method is excellent for removing bumper bars but a complete wash-out when it comes to stumps.

Lunch time, and the great help has not only used all the matches to light the fire, she has also smoked herself into a vogue resemblance of a Scotch herring, burnt the spuds and sausages, and knocked over the billy of tea, which has put the fire out.

And then, after prettying herself up in the car, she finds the estate agent's ground plan and cheerfully points out that you are still on the wrong block, anyway!

Gibson

Passing Sentences

When we think we lead we most are led

* * *

Dictators always look good until the last ten minutes

* * *

Children are natural mimics They act like their parents—in spite of every attempt to teach them good manners

* * *

Love is a quest, marriage a bequest, and divorce an inquest

* * *

An essayist declares that there is a new world just beyond the horizon Pessimists claim that its smoke is already visible.

* * *

Failure is the path of least persistence

* * *

To err is human, but it feels divine

* * *

Situation wanted ad in the New York Times "Houseworker, plain crook, reliable"

* * *

Some people speak from experience Others—from experience—don't speak

* * *

You won't find many success rules that'll work unless you do

* * *

Go as far as you can see, and when you get there you will be able to see farther

* * *

A smile is a light in the window of the face which shows that the heart is at home

* * *

All the world's a camera Smile, please!

* * *

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe

* * *

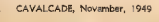
Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm

* * *

Humanity is divided into two classes those in the swim and those in the soup

* * *

Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power.



"I still think it's a typographical error."



Ladies of the press

Far too many years, movies, radio and the stage have extolled the virtues of the gentlemen of the press. All of which seems to have placed in the shade the sob sisters and feature writers who toil and spin their yarns.

To correct this inequality, a group of lovelies from the Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant in Hollywood took over the Hollywood Citizen-News for a day in order to put the newshawks in their place. . . .

You don't believe it? We have only the pictures for proof, but certainly Rita Knopp and Constance Peel give a convincing show as compositors. Making final changes in the type on the page form can be a harrowing business . . . But do they look harrowed? . . . Looks as if this is just another instance of the gals showing how.

And city editor Beverly O'Brien, above, looks as fresh as the proverbial daisy as she plans assignments with Rita, Ann Stuart (with camera) and Ann Melton.

Location wire room as if you didn't know! Log at the city desk despite two telephones and a troublesome newsroom staff . Beverley puts in some time at the ticker tape with Ann She's hoping for sensation an opportunity to show the boys what she can really do when put to the test! The boys don't care much about the test this editor would do them fine!

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



MANY cases of angina pectoris (breast pang) are not caused by heart disease but result from eating too much food, especially fat foods—butter, cream, fat meats. Sometimes allergy to certain foods such as wheat and eggs, can cause angina pectoris As overeating puts extra strain on the heart, just as does physical work, small meals may prevent attacks

* * *

PNEUMONIA is one of the commonest of acute diseases It occurs in all climates, particularly in late winter and early spring and attacks victims of all ages most often between the ages of 1 and 10, 20 and 40, and after 60, when it is most likely to prove fatal in the aged It may be brought on following a cold, or influenza, and because of fatigue, overwork, exposure to cold and sudden chilling.

*

WHEN there is pain at the inner side of the knee, not due to direct injury, it is because the weight of the body is not distributed properly In many cases this is because of flat feet, which cause feet to turn outward and bring the weight of the body down to the inner side of knee By lifting up the arch or instep or, in extreme cases, by wearing an arch support, the pain disappears.

* * *

WITH an attack of biliousness there is a feeling of mental depression giddiness, headache, nausea or vomiting, loss of appetite or actual repulsion of food. spots before the eyes, a feeling of tiredness and no desire to do any mental or physical work The cure lies in doing without any food for 24 to 48 hours Sugar and water or orange juice or other fruit juice may be taken, followed a few hours later by a dose of Epsom salts Four small meals instead of three large ones may prevent an attack

* * *

WHILE the cause of cancer remains unknown, a few facts that can save lives are known 1 Cancer can be completely removed if treated early. 2 The known methods of curing early cancers are surgery, X-ray, and radium. 3 Cancer may begin and continue with little or no pain 4 Early symptoms of cancer resemble symptoms of other ailments 5 Cancer is so common after 40 to 50 years of age that anyone may get it 6 Trying to "hide" cancer means death.

* * *

IT is natural for an individual who is constipated to want to use coarse foods to "irritate" the lining of the large bowel, to make it push wastes downward and out of the body. However, in thin nervous individuals, nervousness causes spasm of the bowel which prevents wastes from moving. Coarse foods only increase this spasm by irritating the lining of the bowel Nervous constipation requires soft, not coarse, foods to correct it

ANTHONY STRONG

MINDING THE OCCULT



The declaration of war in 1939 was an event which few spiritualists foretold. Some however rang the bell, and left us still guessing. Is it fact or phoney?

THERE was nothing remarkable in the fact that Countess Bianca de Beck died on 26th June, 1949—except that 15 years ago she named that day as the one on which she would sever mortal ties. The fulfilment of the prediction climaxed a career that brought the Countess the reputation of being one of the world's greatest seers.

De Beck (professional name, Madame Syvie) is reputed to have told Archduke Ferdinand in 1910 that he would be assassinated four years later, and that his death would create the conflict now known as the First World War. Never a cheerful clairvoyant, she is said also to have warned Czar Nicholas of Russia that he and his family would meet with sudden death, to have predicted the rise of Hitler who, she added, would inspire another world war, and to have foretold the downfall of Mussolini.

Her predictions, however, did not die with the Countess, for before she died she foresaw perilous years ahead. The years 1950, 1953, and 1955 would bring the world within a hair's breadth of war but with a sudden burst of optimism she added that 1956 would see a lasting and universal peace.

And having bequeathed this happy prediction to the universe she added lustre to her infallibility by passing away on the very date she had foretold.

Countess de Beck's belief that war would come in 1939 was not shared by the majority of the world's eminent clairvoyants. In fact, one of England's best known spiritualistic journals, **Light**, published an article which declared:

"There will be many heart-searchings amongst spiritualists at the failure of the prophecies that there would be no war. The unanimity of the controls has been such that one felt war would be impossible. With a few exceptions we were assured that there would be no war.

"I have heard some say 'If war comes, I will never believe in spiritualism again.' This is an entirely illogical attitude. We do not condemn the science of mathematics because a mathematician makes a mistake. We allow for the possibility of error."

The article was published a week after the declaration of war. The mediums of the world had "flopped" on the scoop of the century. And the fallability of clairvoyancy was again the subject of argument.

There was nothing new about that, for almost five hundred years ago the less ignorant of London's citizens were discussing the remarkable activities of Dr. John Dee. The good doctor, it semed, possessed a "stone brought to him by an angel" in which he observed a little girl of eight or nine years, with whom he was subsequently to have many a conversation.

The friendship between Dr. Dee and the spiritual creature lasted seven years, during which time the girl grew up like any ordinary mortal. Her last appearance was made when she was about 16 years of age, and was notable for the fact that she made her entrance in a state of nakedness.

In his account of his experiences, **A True and Faithful Relation of what passed Between Dr. John Dee and Some Spirits**, the doctor expressed great shock at the vision. And earlier, the girl had ordered Dee and his assistant, Kelley, to share their wives in common—a command against which both protested and which eventually led to the breaking up of their partnership.

It is not incidental to the story—for many great men and women admit having sought the assistance of clairvoyants—to add that Dee had the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, who gave him considerable financial support.

Two hunderd years after Dee, a young Austrian medical student relit the flame of spiritualistic argument by writing a thesis titled **Influence of the Planets on the Human Body**, in which he contended that there was a mutual influence between celestial bodies, the earth, and animated bodies.

In 1874, the faculty of the Royal Medical Society of Paris investigated and rejected Mesmer's claims, saying that his cures were due to accident or coincidence, and that his technique should be suppressed.

Thus challenged, Mesmer built a contraption consisting of a circular tub, iron rods and bottles, around which a number of people sat, holding hands.

The seance began. Within a few minutes, the sitters became hysterical, some screamed and others collapsed, while another was able to walk about and "magnetise" people merely by touching them. When the effects wore off, this man could remember nothing. In short, he had been mesmerised.

Mesmer continued his spiritualistic way unworried by official criticism, and in 1826 a Commission reversed the Medical Society's judgment and found that the phenomena produced were genuine.

The cult, moreover, had spread. In the early 1800's, America with some pride discovered Margaret and Katie Fox, aged 15 and 12 respectively. Humbly-born in a thatched cottage in

the village of Arcady, the children were awakened one night by a series of strange rappings Their father, also hearing the sounds, hurried to the bedroom where Katie was sitting up in eager-eyed expectancy

Then the child startled him by looking ceilingwards and saying

"Why, it's Mr Splitfoot"

She was answered by rappings that suggested that Mr Splitfoot was eager to make friends Neighbours came, and one established contact with the spirit, which answered with knocks for an affirmitive reply and remained silent to negative a question By these means it was learnt that a former tenant had been murdered in the house

Arcady became the Mecca of spiritualistic enthusiasts Eminent authorities found no answer to the phenomena Katie and Margaret remained unspoiled by the strange occurrences, even though they toured the country giving psychic performances Mr Splitfoot throughout was completely co-operative, always ready to answer any question asked by Katie and Margaret—never by word of mouth, however, but with authoritative tappings

The girls' spiritualistic feats remained inexplicable for years—until that day long afterwards when Katie confessed that she had achieved the "contact" with their medium by cracking her knee and toe joints—a little trick which she shared with her sister and had diligently cultivated

Some time later, however Katie confused the issue by asserting that the exposure had been made under stress

"I would to God" she said, "I could undo the injustice I did in the cause of spiritualism, when under the strong psychological influence of persons inimical to it I gave expression to utterances that had no foundation on fact"

Came the Davenports with their music-hall act in which they allowed themselves to be bound, and placed in a large cabinet whence they created contact with spirits—noisy spirits whose hands, thrust through the windows of the cabinets, played weird music and fired pistol shots.

Exposed as mere spell-binders and showman, one of the brothers, Ira, said: "We never **in public** affirmed our belief in spiritualism That we regarded as no business of the public, nor did we offer our entertainment as the result of sleight of hand. We let our friends and foes settle the matter as best as they could between themselves"

Perhaps the most famous "fortune teller" of this century was Louis Hamon, known as "Cheiro" Believing that the soul in its prison house is continually trying to send out messages through the bars of custom conventionality and hypocrisy (the words are Cheiro's own), he was adviser to kings and princes.

"Such messages may only be received by those who have ears to hear and eyes to see," wrote Hamon, "but it does not make them any less real because the great crowd of humanity have heard nothing but their own cries"

When Hamon died in America in 1936 he exacted a death-bed promise from his wife to bury his ashes with her own and those of his kindred occult spirit, who was his stepson, John Hartland The widow travelled the world carrying a metal casket until 1945 when she sent the casket to be interred in her son's grave in England

Hamon's death, it is said, was marked by three strange happenings: a clock struck one three times, the house was filled with an overpowering fragrance of flowers, although there were no flowers in the house, and the stairs creaked heavily though no one walked them

Houdini, the great magician, always fiercely expressed his scepticism of spiritualism. His earliest experience with the occult possibly contributed to his disbelief Then, he asked a medium to bring back his father, the medium went into a deep trance and spoke deeply·

"Ah, this is your dear father. My son, it pleases me to know you have been successful I hava been watching you career with the greatest of interest and pride

"Hello, pop! When did you learn to speak English?"

Dr. Weiss, Houdini's father, had been an Austrian who had never mastered the English language, but the medium immediately explained that the doctor had learnt the language in the other world.

"Then," said Houdini, "tell him I would rather he spoke to me in Hebrew."

The seance then broke up.

Whether spiritualism is founded on fact or faking is an argument that will continue probably till the end of time But we like to think that the last prophecy of Countess Bianca de Beck will turn out right Remember? That 1956 will see a lasting peace.



The kiss that is death

The Indian gentleman does not expect his lady to go through the aconite-juice test She may be a poison damsel, but he just wonders . . . and worries



JACK PEARSON

ON the slopes of the Himalayas there grows a shrub so deadly that even the sheep are often muzzled before they are let out of the fold.

Botanical text-books disguise its venom under the unromantic name of "Nepal aconite" or refer to it austerely as "A spicatum" Europeans recognise it as "monks' head" The hill-men call it "bish" or "bikh"

Sometimes it is coated as a poison on arrow-heads and the Gurkhas have found it an ever-present help in repelling enemy attacks Whole armies have been routed with its aid and, when the first British troops entered Nepal, they had to fight their way forward past wells poisoned by crushed aconite.

As old Hindu writers describe its effects, the poison gives rise to "swellings in those parts of the bodies of men, bullocks, horses, asses, camels and elephants that may chance to come in contact with it. Frogs and fish die without any apparent cause Birds and beasts roam wildly in confusion. Men feel a burning sensation in the affected parts and the hair and nails fall off The end comes with lassitude, fainting, vomiting, diarrhoea and death"

Remedies include the beating of drums "smeared with equal parts of silver, mercury, Gopa insects and a paste made from the bile of a brown cow"

If this fails, the poison may be purified by sprinkling into it "a solution of scented drugs dissolved in wine or black clay seeped in water"

Understandably perhaps, the possibility of having absorbed it was regarded with some dismay

But its chief terrors were still more fascinatingly insidious Even in his love-life, the Indian swain could never be sure that he was not being subjected to its perils And this lent a grim air of menace to one of the major preoccupations of Indian youth

The Indian approach to sex is, to say the least, reticent Whatever may happen behind the scenes, public necking is definitley out

Two men may wander hand in hand unchecked along the highways but there was once a riot in an Indian theatre because, after about twenty-five minutes of agile pursuit around a garden, the hero eventually cornered the heroine and awarded her with a chaste peck on the cheek

The Indian wooer is kept in a continual agony of terrifying suspense, he can never leave any new conquest completely assured that he has not absorbed from her embrace the seeds of his certain disease and is carrying away within his own person a lethal dose of aconite

In other words he never knows which—if any—of the ladies of his acquaintance happens to be one of the most subtle means of aconite-poisoning—a "Poison-damsel"

These "Poison-damsels" occupy a prominent place in Indian tradition . . . and their attractive exterior is apt to prove dismayingly deceptive

To all accounts, the "Poison-damsel" is a maiden who has been reared on a diet of aconite Every day, from her earliest childhood, she has been made to eat a little of the unappetising fodder and the habit apparently grows on her Beginning with small doses, she continues until she is so filled with poison that "if a fly touches her as soon as it reaches her flesh, it forthwith swells up and dies."

The same fate awaits her lover She is equally dangerous if she happens to kiss him, breathe on him, bite him or perspire on him

The prospective victim of her charms has two choices Either he shows her the door or he makes his will and throws discretion to the winds

Indian history is studded with accounts of reckless characters who decided to be indiscreet . . . with the expected results

There are some few others who resisted temptation and survived to bore their contemporaries with the tale of their narrow escape Outstanding amongst these was Alexander the Great—Iskander, as the Indians call him.

It seems that Alexander had just crossed the Indian frontier His arrival was viewed by the rajah of the nearest Indian province with evident disfavor and the gravest misgivings

Though disinclined to meet Alexander in battle, the rajah decided that something must be done to check his advance He was racking his brains when suddenly he remembred that, somewhere about his court, was a "Poison-damsel," who was also "one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, with a face like an angel"

He offered the girl to Alexander who "at once fell in love with her" and "ordered her to be led to the bed-chamber"

Luckily for Alexander, he was accompanied by a confirmed mysogynist by name of Aristotle

Aristotle "saw the beauty of the maiden, her glittering face and her look" and remarked pessimistically to Alexander "I recognise in this creature the bearing of a snake"

When Alexander "was loath to believe him," Aristotle insisted "Her first nourishment was poison and whoever comes in contact with her will also be poisoned."

Alexander being still doubtful, Aristotle ordered a basket of fresh aconite to be ground in a mortar. He placed the snake in a jar and drew a circle of aconite-juice around the container. The snake crawled from the jar, wiped its tongue on the circle of poison and immediately wriggled back to its refuge where it writhed in its death throes.

Having given his example, Aristotle proceeded to prove his point. He summoned three girls—one of them, the "Poison-damsel." He then told Alexander to draw a circle of aconite-juice around them and call them to him.

"Two of the maidens ran to Alexander, but the third—the Poisoned Damsel—remained within the circle, looking in vain for an outlet. She began to choke, her hair stood on end, and she died suddenly like the snake."

To the modern mind this story doesn't even make sense.

But the story lingered on. It lives in India even today. And, since Indian men about town cannot be incessantly drawing circles of aconite-juice about the ladies of their choice, they must be content to wonder . . . and to worry.

Just how much reason they have for their perturbation is another matter.

So far as the "Poison-damsel" of tradition is concerned, the answer is certainly "none whatsoever."

But, in another sense, the "Poison-damsel"—like most Indian legend—has a solid basis of fact. There are in India many young women almost as potentially dangerous as the "Poison-damsel" was ever reputed to be and with whom it is almost as lethal to come into too close contact. It is from these that the idea of the original "Poison-damsel" must have arisen.

Her poison-breath, for example, could have its source in the risks attending the indiscriminate chewing of betel-nut. Although betel-nut is not itself poisonous, modern Oriental criminals have a nasty habit of occasionally trying to poison their victims with a chew of betel. The poisons they use range from "the bile of a green tree-snake mixed with that of the green water-frog and the jungle crow" to white arsenic sprinkled on the lime which is added to the betel-chew. But, most common of all, is aconite which cannot be detected unless the betel-leaf is carefully wiped.

As Indian lovers often exchange a chew of betel as an aphrodisiac, it is easy to see how any enterprising Indian damsel could in this manner rid herself of an inconvenient suitor.

And when it is remembered that the spitting of betel-juice into a person's face is an Indian way of offering a gross insult, the resemblance becomes even clearer.

The poison-bite, too, has its explanation. In the love-lore of the East, the amorous bite—probably drawing blood—is an honoured part of the wooer's technique. In a country where deaths by snake-bite are a commonplace (more than 15,000 people in India die each year of snake-bite), the transference of ideas is obvious. A female assassin equipped with a cobra or a krait would have practically unlimited possibilities.

The same applies to the deadly perspiration. Eastern snake-charmers inoculate themselves with increasing doses of venom until they are immune from the bite of the snake they ordinarily employ.

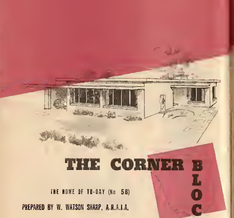
Any snake-murderess would be more than likely to take similar precautions.

But, most of all, venereal disease may lie at the root of the legend.

It is often argued that venereal disease originated in America. Yet there is another school of thought which argues that primitive American civilisation itself derived from Asia. And the fact remains that the Asia of today is riddled with V.D.



"4 Days? Oh, how I envy your Will Power!"



THE CORNER BLOCK

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No 58)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

The plan suggested by CAVALCADE for this month is one that is suitable for a corner lot, or equally at home on an ordinary inside block

Its area is small, a condition forced on us by current regulations, but the layout is such that the minimum of space is occupied by the central hall The bedrooms are placed side by side, with one end of each room given over entirely to windows. Each bedroom has a built-in wardrobe

The living and dining rooms open into each other, so that the maximum of entertainment space is available

An unusual but useful feature is a double fireplace which forms a division between these two rooms

A garage is attached to the building, and has a rear door within a few feet of the kitchen entrance

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 55 ft. and the area, excluding the garage, is 1,200 square feet

KENNETH MALVYN

They steamed off the MAP

These ships were given up for lost; but they came back; and what was mystery became dramatic fact

SINCE the first mariner headed shakily offshore in the first coracle a continuous war has been waged between man and the sea. So far it has been a strictly no-decision bout, for even with the Twentieth Century aids of radio, sonar, radar and echo-sounding anyone embarking on the sea can never quite be sure of reaching his destination.

Wireless waves travel at the speed of light, but even so there are many instances where they have not been quick enough to avert tragedy or even bring tidings of disaster. Marine architects are possibly the world's most skilful technicians, but they have not dared to call a ship unsinkable since they applied that adjective to the Titanic—and you'll remember what happened to her.

Probably the greatest setback Old Man Neptune ever received was the introduction of wireless—but he went right on swinging. When the Samkey, a seven-thousand-ton modified Liberty ship, headed out across the Atlantic just a few months ago she was equipped with every known aid to navigation. Where was her wireless when she disappeared? The facts are that she was lost without trace, and that a marine court of inquiry could find no reason for her foundering.

There were rumours at the time that this class of ship was structurally weak, that she might have shifted ballast or broken in two. Such rumours were scouted by the experience of an exactly similar sister-ship. This vessel went ashore, ran high and dry, was pounded for some days by Pacific rollers, was towed off again, broke adrift in a hurricane, was tossed up on the rocks again—and sustained so little damage that she is now back in service. Such behaviour does not suggest weakness.

There will always be sea mysteries, but the use of wireless has cut their numbers down. Without its aid nobody would ever have known the fate of the Tahiti as she lay helpless with a broken tailshaft and a hole in her side. Wireless meant that when the Tahiti took her final plunge all her passengers and crew were able to watch her from the safety of the deck of a rescuing ship.

Before the days of wireless any ship which passed out of sight of land was bound for the unknown. Unless sighted by another vessel she was "out of this world" until she reached her destination. With sailing ships, which somehow nobody ever associates with wireless, this seems reasonable enough, but imagine great Atlantic liners and fast Australia-bound cargo and passenger steamers so blinded! And yet it was well into the Twentieth Century before the genius of Marconi brought this slim measure of security to the world's merchant services.

Nowadays when a ship has an engine failure she calls for help, and is taken in tow within a couple of days. Forty years ago she would just have to drift helplessly until some other vessel stumbled across her. There are many cases in which ships so disabled eventually were towed into port long after the underwriters had given them up for lost.

Perhaps the most famous of these was in the New Zealand Shipping Company's Waikato, a well-found cargo-liner of nearly 6,000 tons gross, which left London for New Zealand on May 4, 1899, and steamed completely off the map! Various reports about her being sighted in distress drifted through from time to time, but it appeared certain that she had gone down with all hands. Then, five months later, she was towed into Fremantle by a battered little tramp half her size! Another sea mystery had been solved.

What had happened was this. About two o'clock on the morning of June 5, 1899, when she was about 150 miles south of Cape Agulhas, all hands were roused by a terrific vibration. The main shaft had parted inside the stern gland in a position in which it could not be repaired while the ship floated. For 53 days the crippled steamer drifted, in fair weather and foul, without sighting smoke or sail.

Captain Weston tried everything he could think of to get some way on her. In those days steamers carried yards, more as a gesture than anything else, so he ordered sails to be set. He soon found, however, that even under the most favourable conditions they could do little more than give her steerageway. More often than not they aided her in her drift, but at least they could be seen from a great distance.

Then, on July 28, the barquentine Tacora hove in sight. She gamely put a line aboard and set all sail in a futile attempt to move the unwieldy bulk of the steamer. Even though it was light weather at the time, she was drawn bodily backwards towards the Waikato and crashed heavily into the steamer. Little damage was done, but the barquentine's skipper realised that he had too big a fish. Regretfully he cut himself adrift and waved goodbye to this fat salvage prize.

But the Waikato was still in the main track of shipping bound between London and Australia and New Zealand. Only five days elapsed before the Danish ship Aarlborg, Lyttelton bound, appeared on the scene. By this time provisions were running low, but all the Dane could offer was ship's biscuit, which was sent over by boat.

The famished crew of the Waikato then overhauled the cargo in order that the edible part of it might be broached if necessary. All that could be found, however, was canned her-

In certain remote Alpine regions of Switzerland they keep cheese for a lifetime On the day a child is born, the Swiss make a cheese marked with the infant's name and the date, and it is served thereafter only on special occasions—such as the child's christening, his or her engagement and wedding

A portion of this cheese is carefully kept until its owner dies, and then, at the funeral, the guests receive another piece

rings, sardines and cheese—a diet of which the men were to get heartily sick in the next two months.

Then hope sprang up again Steamer schedules were fairly reliable in those days, and it was known that the company's crack liner Ruahine would pass on the way to London on the evening of August 15 Skilful use of sails and sea-anchor brought the Waikato 160 miles due east in the course of a week After that, there was nothing to do but wait Then ill-fortune struck again. A thick blanket of fog came up on August 16, blotting out all sight of the Ruahine. By morning, when the fog lifted, that chance was gone.

Captain Weston shrugged resignedly and put her before the wind Better be going somewhere than wallowing in the trough—and at least she felt alive when under sail They ran that way in fair weather and foul for a week, when a sudden gale ripped from the bolt-ropes every bit of canvas but the foresail. Spares were dragged out, and the whole crew turned to as sail-makers with palm and needle Soon all sails were set again, and the cripple staggered on

But now her luck was changing The ship Benka was spoken, and carried the news of the fight on to Brisbane. On September 8 the barque Alice, outward bound and well provisioned, made a generous gift of two barrels of beef, three of flour, and five spare sails And then, on September 15, she sighted her first steamer in all that time—the Asloun.

In 102 days of sail-aided drift the Waikato had come so far east that she was now nearer Australia than the Cape. She had covered 4,450 nautical miles, during which she had crossed her own track seven times Captain Weston, though he had begun to feel uncommonly like the Flying Dutchman, had been determined to sail her all the way to Fremantle if necessary—but here was steam power and salvation Captain Barnett, of the Asloun looked over the big derelict with the weed-encrusted bottom shrugged doubtfully, and sent a line aboard.

His doubts were justified The Asloun, a chunky eight-knot frieghter of 2,828 tons, was only half the Waikato's size. The course lay over almost unfrequented waters where at any stage, by sheer strain on her engines or a twist of the towrope round her single screw, the rescuer could be placed in the same plight as the Waikato. And Fremantle was over 2 800 miles away.

The battle was on from the start of that historic tow. On September 18 the line parted in heavy weather, and was replaced only after a series of hairbreadth escapes and delicate manoeuvring Then the Asloun ran short of coal, and for a day they hung in the perilous lee of Amsterdam Island while 110 tons of the cripple's coal was transferred to the rescuer's bunkers by ship's boat

On September 28 the line parted again, and the Waikato reeled and wallowed off into the stormswept dusk with green water breaking over her. Her crew saw the Asloun lying like a half-tide rock at the mercy of the storm, and then the little freighter disappeared. The Waikato's men fought all night to get her hove to, fearing all the time that the Asloun was lost

All next day they watched for her in vain Then, just on dusk, the gallant little merchantman slogged into sight again Her davits hung empty, her ventilators were bent and twisted, and her funnel swung crazily in its stays to every roll, but the hearts of her captain and crew were unimpaired Gamely she ranged alongside and took up the tow again

She staggered onwards at a steady four knots, day in and day out, until at last the ordeal ended The British-India steamer Ujina brought news of the tow to Melbourne on October 5 Two days later the ships were sighted off Rottnest Island The Government tug Penguin met them as the line parted for the last time, and brought the Waikato to a safe anchorage After five months of drifting, sailing and being dragged, every man of the Waikato's company was in good health

Neptune played many a prank on the lordly Atlantic liners in the days before wireless From the early days, when the crack liner President, fourth steamer to cross the Atlantic, disappeared without trace, mystery surrounded the fate of many fine ships Then, in 1855, the mystery was solved

The Arizona, fastest ship on the Atlantic run, became overdue As she embodied everything of the latest in marine equipment, her suspected loss caused consternation in shipping circles What was this unseen menace? The Arizona herself brought the answer when she limped into St John days later with her bows crumpled like tinfoil She had hit an iceberg head-on at full speed, and had lived to tell the tale. Twenty-five years later the vaunted Titanic, the "unsinkable" ship, was not so lucky

Even in the Atlantic, comparatively cluttered with shipping, a ship could be lost for weeks at a time At about the same time as the Waikato was making her easterly drift, the Cunarder Pavonia dropped her propeller in mid-Atlantic. With insufficient canvas to hold steerage-way she drifted out of the shipping lanes and lay in the trough of the sea, receiving a terrible battering from the Atlantic rollers Time and again her boilers and heavy machinery threatened to tear loose and crash out through her side

In the end a nameless tramp found her, clung to her like a terrier until the height of another storm, and then lost her in the murk The tramp skipper could hardly credit that any ship could ride out such a hurricane without engines, but when the storm abated he found the Cunarder, sorely battered but still afloat He brought her in at last to claim his salvage, and no man could say he hadn't earned it

After the Pavonia incident, marine architects realised the uselessness of sails on ships of her size. They evolved instead the twin-screw liners, really big fellows of over 10 000 tons—and then sat back with the smug assurance that what had happened to the Pavonia could never happen again

Within two years the City of Paris, twin-screwed pride of the Inman Line was wallowing helplessly off Queenstown with a broken shaft, a hole in her side, and both engine-rooms flooded A flying shaft, tearing through the side, had done all the damage Fortunately the weather was fine, and the liner's own boats took the news into Queenstown, so that salvage was simple enough

Once again, as so many times before and so many to come, the marine architects ate their words and fell to planning again This time they would beat Old Man Neptune once and for all They are planning again today after the loss of the Samkey, but the betting is that Neptune still holds a trick or two

Policy Point



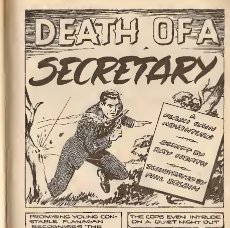
I think my luck has changed—
Something's arranged
By kindly fortune to improve
The groove
In, which my lot is cast,
And past
The childish age of optimism,
Here at last
I seem
To dream
That smiling folk approve
All—well, almost all!—I do
How times have changed!
Even the fractions wiles
And female guiles
Of that sweet,
Meat
Curved creature I adore
So lissom-lovely, blasted enigmatic,
So coy, so changeable, so damned emphatic—
How she has altered—
Never once before
Has her voice faltered when some small thing
riles,

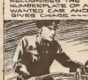


Yet now she's reasonable, and likes to please!
She doesn't press too far her jibing skilful,
She snuggles close,
Says things jocose,
And will minister
To my needs small and great—
The change is sinister!
Was I all wrong, then
When
I thought her wilful?
Were all her tantrums only meant to tease?
So might, I think—she gives herself away!
"Christmas," she says, "Is 35 days away!"

—**Morris MacLeod.**










NOTHING WILL CONVINCE FLANAGAN THAT FLASH CAIN SHOULDN'T COME BACK WITH HIM. SO CAIN GOES.....
YOU TELL YOUR STORY TO THE SERGEANT !
INSPECTOR BRENT SHAKES HANDS WARMLY WITH CAIN HE IS SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT CAIN IS THE OWNER OF A WANTED CAR.
THE CAR 123AB4 WAS SEEN DRIVING AWAY FROM LOCTON FLATS JUST AFTER THE SHOTS WERE FIRED ---- YOUR CAR, CAIN !
I LEFT THE CAR OUTSIDE A THEATRE, BRENT AND IT WAS THERE WHEN THE SHOW ENDED.....
IT WAS BORROWED, THEN, BETWEEN EIGHT AND ELEVEN !
THAT CHECKS ! THE SHOTS WERE FIRED AT NINE TWENTY-FIVE !
NICE OF YOU TO SHOW ME THE CRIME I'M IMPLICATED IN !
AS THE SHOTS WERE HEARD AND THE CAR SEEN, IT WASN'T CAREFULLY PLANNED
THAT'S WENDA MORLEY ----I USED TO KNOW HER WHEN SHE SANG IN NIGHTCLUBS---- I WONDER IF THE USE OF MY CAR WAS ----ACCIDENTAL ?
WHY SAY THAT ?
I'VE JUST SEEN THE SOLUTION TO THE SHALLOW FUR THEFTS ! .....BIG PEOPLE HAVE A MOTIVE FOR GETTING RID OF ME !
THE EXPOSURE WILL BE SENSATIONAL-- FRAMING ME WITH MURDER WOULD BE A GOOD WAY OUT. KILLING ME WOULDN'T BE SUBTLE ENOUGH !
CAIN MAKES A DATE WITH MR. SHALLOW TO TELL HIM THAT THE FUR THEFTS HAVE BEEN SOLVED


CAIN, INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR, TELLS SHALLOW THAT HE IS NEAR THE END OF HIS SEARCH....
YOU'LL GET YOUR FURS BACK....
CAIN NOTICES THAT SHALLOW SEEMS NERVOUS AS HE CONGRATULATES HIM ON HIS WORK.......
WAIT TILL I ACTUALLY DELIVER THE GOODS.
IF MY TRAP WORKS, YOU'LL HAVE MOST OF YOUR STOLEN FURS BACK TOMORROW
CONGRATULATIONS, CAIN ----I WAS GETTING IMPATIENT; BUT NOW I KNOW YOUR SUCCESS, I'M HAPPY AGAIN...
FILL HER UP ---- I'VE GOT A LONG TRIP!
123AB4
FLASH CAIN, READY TO SPRING HIS TRAP ON THE FUR THIEVES THAT NIGHT, DRIVES FIRST TO A NIGHT-CLUB WHERE THE MURDERED WENDA USED TO SING ~~~~
A CIGARETTE GIRL ANSWERS HIS QUESTION
--AFTER HER VOICE BROKE SHE GOT A SECRETARIAL JOB WITH ----OH, I FORGET
MAMIE, SPARE US A SECOND!
WENDA ? ---- SHE WENT TO WORK FOR A MR SHALLOW SHE USED TO SAY HE WAS A DEEP ONE!
WHEN DID YOU SEE HER LAST ?
SHE BROKE A DATE WITH ME LAST NIGHT
WHY ?
GOING OUT WITH SHALLOW I GUESS.....

CAIN THANKS MAMIE FOR HER HELP HE HAS FOOD FOR THOUGHT ~~~~~~

CAIN THINKS HE KNEW SHALLOW'S SECRETARY----AND AS SOON AS HE DISCOVERED THE STOLEN FURS THE GIRL DIED AND CAIN'S CAR WAS IMPLICATED !

WAS THE IDEA TO HAVE CAIN ARRESTED ON SUSPICION OF MURDER---- TO GIVE THE FUR THIEVES MORE TIME ? DID THE DEAD GIRL KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT THE THEFT?

THIS IS MORE THAN AN ORDINARY FUR THEFT, AND IT'S FOR BIG STAKES WENDA MORLEY AS SHALLOW'S SECRETARY KNEW THAT...

CAIN NOW UNDERSTANDS ALL WENDA WAS SILENCED BY DEATH; CAIN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE UNDER THE SHADOW LONG ENOUGH FOR THE THEFT TO BE UNCOVERED ....

A HOT STORY FOR INSPECTOR BRENT.. ....NOW FOR ACTION !

FLASH ARRIVES NEAR THE THIEVES' HIDE-OUT, WHICH HE HAS LOCATED EARLIER CAR PARKED, HE WAITS FOR THE THIEVES TO ARRIVE

THE SIMPLE TRIP-WIRE OF NEW GUINEA FAME .... HOW COULD CAIN FORGET HIS OWEN STANLEY DAYS AND FALL FOR THAT !

BEFORE FLASH CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE A FIGURE SPRINGS FROM THE UNDERGROWTH AND BEARS HIM TO THE GROUND !

SOMEBODY LOSES A GUN, AND THERE'S A GOOD DEAL OF HORSE PLAY BEFORE SOMEBODY LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS........

.......BUT CAIN REMEMBERS HIS COMMANDO TRAINING AND FEELS SORRY FOR THE GANGSTER WHO HAS TO LIVE AFTER WHAT'S JUST BEEN DONE ..

WAITING TENSELY, HE SEES NO SIGN OF THE DISTURBANCE HAVING BEEN HEARD

WAS THAT THUG ALONE ?

THAT THUG WAS NOT ALONE! BUT THE OTHERS, UNDER COVER, ARE ARMED ----

A DESPERATE GUN STRUGGLE HAS A BREAK OF SILENCE WHEN CAIN PITCHES FORWARD, WOUNDED!

THE THIEVES COME TO COLLECT THEIR CARRION ---------

FIGHTING A THREE-TO-ONE BATTLE, CAIN IS RESCUED BY THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE ----------

SHALLOW WAS OVER-SPENDING, AND STOLE HIS OWN STOCK TO COLLECT INSURANCE. WENDA MORLEY WAS MURDERED BY HIM BECAUSE SHE DIS-COVERED THE TRUTH...

WE FOLLOWED YOU, CAIN, BECAUSE WE ACTUALLY DID SUSPECT YOU OF KILLING WENDA ------ GOOD THING WE DID ISN'T IT ?



The snake was a pythoninae reticulatus—a killer; Golas was the meanest man in the neighborhood. What happened when they met suited just about everyone

O. K. FINDLAY







VENOM in the night

He fired at a range of six feet and knew he had missed

AN important passenger had escaped from its box while the train stood on a siding The passenger was an Ular-Sawa, a reticulated python from Malay, and the railway notified the reptile house which sent an expert to help. The expert was Dr Quest, small and spectacled, an enthusiastic collector of snakes, big and little.

The sergeant of police was at the station to meet him. The sergeant was young and resolute and he had had his share of thrills This was the first time he had been asked to hunt down a snake.

"You'd better tell me what we're up against, Doctor," he said, as they walked along the railway embankment

"The reticulated python, **Pythoninae reticulatus,**" said Dr. Quest, "is the king of the big constrictors They sometimes attain a length of thirty feet This particular fellow is about twenty-five feet and a fine specimen If you've seen a snake charmer looping a snake about her shoulders, it was probably a python—but not **reticulatus.** He doesn't permit familiarities; he's the boss of everything in the jungle. Right now this chap is in a bad humor after being captured and handled and shaken by the train They won't eat after they are captured This fellow hasn't eaten for more than a month"

"Small mammals—wild pig, antelope A good big **reticulatus** will swallow a 200-pound deer."

"Will they kill a man, Doc?"

Dr. Quest was reluctant to give an opinion on that "They've been known to take native children They're constrictors, you know, they kill by squeezing A python of this size could easily overpower a man if sufficiently roused—" He stopped and pointed "There's his trail."

The snake had gone down the embankment through a fence and into the long grass The grass was flattened as if someone had dragged a boat through it The sergeant wished he had brought his Winchester He wasn't used to the thought of reptiles that left a track like a country lane

"How do you figure on handling him?"

"First we find out where he is He'll look for water and lie up near it. Then we'll get him to kill if possible—a pig or chickens If he kills, he'll be quiet for a time Those big chaps lie in the water for a week after feeding. Then we'll get a few men and grab him and put him in a box"

The sergeant admired Dr Quest's nerve

"Doc, you'll need a warrant to get anybody round here to go near a snake of that size In this county, a snake is something you kill as quick as you can and don't even touch when they're dead But if you're game to grab him, I'm game to hang on, too"

"There's nothing much to it," said Dr Quest "I'll look after his head The main thing is to get him straightened out so he can't use his coils And

of course, you have to watch out for his spurs."

"His spurs?"

"Yes. The vestiges of his hind legs. All that's left of them on the outside is a pair of horny points on his abdomen, but they can give you a nasty scratch."

They climbed the fence and followed the trail across a meadow. It was heading directly for a big swamp. The doctor pointed to the trees where a branch had been freshly broken. "That's his mark. He went in there."

"How can you tell?"

"By the broken branch. It snapped under his weight. He weighs about 300 pounds, you know."

They came to the swamp, a tangled growth of willows and elder, with a shallow creek meandering through. The edge of it was guarded by a barbed wire fence.

"This is good," said Dr. Quest. "This is the sort of place he likes."

The sergeant looked along the barbed wire studded with "No Trespassing" signs.

"Doc, I hate to tell you this, but he couldn't have picked a worse place. This is Rufe Golas' place. He's the meanest man in the district. He don't allow no one on his land, no one."

"This is different," said Dr. Quest confidently. "We can't leave an Ular-Sawa lying about. Too dangerous. We must either recapture him or destroy him—which I would hate to do. We'd better go and tell Mr. Golas about it."

"We can try, but it won't do any good," said the sergeant. As they walked back to the car, he told Dr. Quest about Golas. "I was at his place last week. We got a community phone line here, belongs to us all, and the surveyors wanted to take it across his land. He ordered them off. I went down to reason with him and he said if he caught me on his land, he'd plug me."

"He doesn't get along with his neighbors?"

"Doc, I'll bet there's more human feeling in that big snake of yours than there is in Golas. When he was young, he was breaking a colt and the colt kicked him and bust his leg. First thing he did when he was up was to take a chain and beat that colt to death. He's a regular terror to his stock. The neighors got worked up over the way he beat and starved and they had the law on him. Then the ones that took the lead against him had some bad fires. So now folks just leave him alone."

"Has he any family?"

"One girl. His wife died years ago, just worn out. The girl would be a nice kid, if she had a chance—but she never has a chance. Never got to school after she was fourteen, never had a decent dress. She does a man's work round the place."

They drove down the highway and came to the Golas' home, an old gray house and worn-out buildings. Chickens ran squawking from the wheels and a girl in blue jeans working at the woodpile put down her axe and looked at them. She was pale, with the empty look of the unwanted, and Dr. Quest pitied her.

"Your dad around, Jeanie?" asked the sergeant.

A man appeared in the doorway, a man with a dark, hating face and a crooked body.

"I told you to stay away from here, Evers."

Dr. Quest got out of the car.

"The sergeant is here at my request. My name is Quest and I'm from the Zoological Society. One of our big snakes escaped in transit and we have traced him to your swamp. I'd like your permission to go after him. I'd like your help, too. Of course, we'll pay you for your trouble."

Golas looked at him, hard-faced.

"I don't care who you are or what you are. Get off my land and stay off."

"You don't quite understand," said

Dr. Quest. "The snake is a reticulatus—"

"If I find a snake in my swamp, I'll knock him on the head with a club. I don't need any help from strangers." He addressed the sergeant. "You listen to me, Evers. If I catch you sneakin' and sypin' round my place, I'll shoot—and that tin star of yours won't stop me. Now get out!"

Dr. Quest made one more atempt.

"No use, Doctor," said the sergeant. "Let's go."

They drove back to the highway. Dr. Quest accepted the rebuff philosophically. "I'm used to unreasonable people. Many people are unreasonable about snakes. I've talked to farmers who were losing their eggs to rats and yet insisted on killing every rat snake about the place. I've shown them the snake stomachs—with rats and no eggs—but they still wouldn't believe me. You have to be patient with them."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Go right ahead, of course. I can't leave the snake to roam the country. He might start a panic. I wish I could be sure that he hasn't left the Golas place."

There was a country road running along the other edge of the swamp. They drove slowly along, looking for signs, and finding none.

"That's all right," said Dr. Quest with satisfaction. "He's still in there. Probably curled up in the roots of one of those big willows. Now sergeant, I'll tell you what I intend to do. I'm going to get a couple of pigs somewhere and tonight I'll bring them here and drive them into the swamp. I hope he'll kill one. At dawn tomorrow, I'll slip in and try to locate him. I won't ask you to come with me for you are an officer of the law, and I intend to commit a trespass."

"I can't allow that," said the sergeant. "I can't allow you to go in there. He might take a shot at you."

"That's a risk I must take," said Dr. Quest. "Golas may be a stupid, quarrelsome fellow, but I can't leave a dangerous python loose on his land. Especially as he sems to think a python is something you hit on the head with a stick."

"Well, if you're so set on going in there, guess I'll go with you," said the sergeant.

At dawn they were moving silently through the wet and reeking swamp. The morning mist hung over the thick rushes, making poor visibility worse. The sergeant held a shotgun on his hip and disliked the whole business. He had hunted armed robbers with less apprehension than he felt now. He was thigh-deep in brush, he trod on unseen roots and every moment he expected a big angry snake to rear up in his face.

The two pigs, which they had driven into the swamp the night before, got up and ran ahead of them, squealing to wake the dead.

"That's bad," said Dr. Quest. "He must be too disturbed to feed. If we come upon him now we'll have a fight on our hands."

They continued to hunt along the sedgy creek bank, under the big willows. The snake appeared to have vanished, leaving no trail. They came to a pond-like widening of the creek with a small island in the middle of it. There was one big alder and bushes growing there.

"Likely he's there," said Dr. Quest.

"I'm not so sure," said the sergeant. "Doc, do snakes hunt people?"

"They have been known to follow men out of curiosity. Why?"

"'Cause I've got a feeling we're being watched. I've got a mighty cold feeling down my back."

"We'll try the island," said Dr. Quest. "He might be in among the elder roots."

It was a disagreeable business, wading and sinking into the oozy bot-

tom. At that moment the sergeant would have given a good deal to be out in the sunshine, on firm, clear ground. Dr. Quest floundered ahead and found better footing on the bar. They explored cautiously among the bushes and tangled roots and looked at the trunk of the alder to see if patches of bark had been scraped off. They found nothing

"Not here," said Dr. Quest. "He must have slipped out of the swamp. Now we'll have to—"

A branch above his head cracked and fell down. The silence of the swamp was blasted by the roar of a heavy rifle.

The sergeant flung himself at Quest's legs and dragged him down into cover.

"Golas! No wonder I felt we were being followed. He's got us on an island, too—we can't get off without showing ourselves."

"But what does he think he's doing?"

"Don't know—but it isn't healthy to let him see us."

Dr. Quest rose to his knees behind the tree trunk and cautiously put his head out. "Golas!" he called, "listen—"

The rifle crashed and a bullet sent his hat skimming.

"Mad as a coot," said the sergeant.

They crawled on their bellies into the thickest part of the underbrush and lay there. Suddenly Golas broke his silence and began to yell at them. "Come out there, you sneakin' spyin' bastards! I know you're there! Come out and I'll make you sorry!" He was walking up and down on the opposite shore, crashing through the brush, firing his rifle at random into the island.

"Wish I'd brought a rifle," said the sergeant. "I'd make him sorry."

He lay pressed into the mud, pestered by mosquitoes and crawling things, growing steadily angrier. He was thinking of Golas and the venom he had spread all his life, of the wife he had worked to death, the daughter whose childhood had been despoiled. A bullet struck a branch near his head, a splinter cut his cheek.

"I'll put a stop to this right now." He rolled to his knees.

At that instant the swamp echoed and re-echoed to a frightful cry.

"The snake!" cried Dr. Quest. He rose instantly and ran splashing through the water. The sergeant caught his foot on a root and fell, the gun flying from his hand. It was a moment before he could find it in the grass. He rushed after Dr. Quest.

On the other bank stood a great tree. For a moment they could see neither snake nor man, then they caught a glimpse of a grey face with open mouth and staring eyes rising out of a bloated yellow-brown jacket. Neck and chest were enwrapped by the python's coils. The sergeant heard Golas give an agonised wheeze and a great blunt head rose at them. He fired at a range of six feet and knew that he had missed. It came at them hissing, with eyes as red as coals, and he fired again and saw the head jump with the impact of the full charge. It sank down, oozing.

Dr. Quest seized the neck, pulling it away. It took their united strength to ease the pressure of those terrible coils. Then they saw there was no need to hurry. Golas was beyond help.

With gentle hands, Dr. Quest stretched the python to its full length. The sunlight showed its gorgeous coloring, a tapestry beyond the conception of man, an interweaving of yellow, brown and black, covered by a sort of bloom.

The sergeant took a good look at it. He was beginning to understand Dr. Quest's admiration. "I'm sorry I had to shoot."

"You had to," said Dr. Quest. "But he is handsome, isn't he?"

"Useful, too," said the sergeant. "Next time I meet a snake, I'll just raise my hat and pass on."

He laughs best, who laughs last—but she laughed while she screamed

RUSSELL BRANCH



DOOR AJAR FOR MURDER

WHEN Dora started screaming that night, I just dropped my paper and stared, like an open-mouthed stupe I was used to her sullenness, her biting tongue, and even the cold silences which filled our evenings But this was something new. This was loud, shrill hysteria and for no good reason It went on and on

"Dora!"

She didn't hear me. She couldn't have heard me if she'd wanted to Her head was back, her eyes closed and her mouth open in that senseless, blood-curdling shriek

I got up and shook her. "Dora ... DORA!" Then I slapped her twice

She stopped abruptly.

"For heaven's sake, Dora! The neighbors"

She opened her mouth again, mechanically, as if moved by some insane compulsion to exercise her lungs. I raised my hand again, warningly, and that was how the neighbors saw us when the door burst open

Dora's scream died in her throat. She buried her face in her hands, her long blonde hair shimmering as she sobbed heartbreakingly. I glanced uncertainly at the open door, put my hands gently on her shoulders.

"Dora . . . Dora, honey. What is it?"

She shrank back as if my hands were clutching at her throat instead, stared up at me with tearful, fearful eyes.

A hand grabbed my own arm, spun me around "Leave her alone, you big scrum. I oughta—"

That was Graham, Lloyd Graham from the next apartment. All ham and a yard wide. An actor-producer, he called himself.

I shook myself loose. I'd always wanted a good excuse for sinking a fist in his fat face, but this was hardly the right time for it.

"Look, you don't understand. It's not . . . not anything I did. Dora just suddenly—"

Dora burst into fresh sobs I looked at her helplessly, then back at them Jenkins, the manager. Mrs Levy from across the hall The redhead who lived two doors down and her baldheaded mate. And Graham, of course . . . all standing there glaring at me in hostile accusation

I got it, then Jim Haynes, that "nice" Mister Haynes, beating his poor lovely wife.

Mrs Levy moved past to hold Dora to her ample, motherly bosom Graham got between us with his arms folded belligerently across his chest, and scrawny Jenkins started spluttering indignantly.

"Listen, folks, you've got this all wrong"

They didn't want to listen. They ignored me—except for that big lard from next door Mrs Levy got Dora calmed down, bathed her face with a cold washcloth. Jenkins prowled around suspiciously, seeing if any of his lousy furniture had suffered The redhead and her husband stood smirking in the doorway, enjoying someone else's domestic troubles for a change And Graham scowled at me, daring me to make a move.

We finally got rid of them. Dora refused to explain, refused to say anything beyond a somewhat shaky. "I'm all right, now Please go"

Mrs. Levy stomped out, her usually friendly face like frozen granite. Redhead and Baldhead went back to their bottle and their own battle Mr Jenkins lingered to mutter some warning about, "No more trouble, Haynes, or else."

Lloyd Graham was ostentatiously the last and most reluctant to depart, still scowling like a Grade B muscleman, and it was a pleasure to slam the door in his face

Then I turned to Dora, my arms spread in a big gesture of bewilderment, dismay, and—I thought—tender concern

But she wasn't having any She turned away, her face cold and inscrutable

The bedroom door slammed behind her, the lock clicked I prepared to bed down on the couch for the night. It was all I could do. The walls were listening . . just waiting for me to "start something" again

In the morning, Dora told me she "simply didn't want to discuss it" She could "not discuss" something in louder silence than any female I'd ever known, and our breakfast was even more cheerless than usual

I set off to work, feeling like something despicable dragged up from the bottom of the East River. Mrs. Levy, climbing the stairs with her morning milk, sniffed and looked the other way instead of giving me her usual chirpy, "Guten morgen"

The boss gave me hell for being late, and it seemed to me that I had more than my share of nasty customers that day. But five-thirty finally came, as it always does, and Merrits, the department store of merit, shut its doors I froze out a last

tentative customer who had already swung every golf club in the racks, turned in my cash and sales slips, and turned my weary feet toward the subway and home.

"Home" was empty. Dora had left a note saying that she'd gone out for supper and an early movie with Irma, and I'd find cold cuts and an open can of peas in the icebox.

About ten-thirty she blew in, looking flushed and eager and vivacious as she always did after spending a couple of hours in Hollywood's never-never land. But the look faded quickly. Back to reality, and the husband that went with it.

I waited until she had her hat off, had fluffed her blonde tresses loose and had kicked out of the pumps that were too tight for her. They were always too tight for her, too tight in the toes and too high in the heels.

"Look here, Dora." Then I lowered my voice, aware that Graham next door had just come in. "Look, honey, I don't—"

She spun on me. "I suppose you're going to tell me that we can't afford a cocktail or a movie once in a while! That when a man comes home after a hard day's work, he expects—"

"That's not it at all," I interrupted quietly. "You know I've urged you to get out more, do more. I don't happen to think too much of your friend, Irma, but that's—"

"Oh, so now you don't like Irma!" she snapped bitterly. "I suppose you want to pick my friends too. Besides telling me what I should wear, how I should keep house, where I should—"

"Dammit, be quiet," I shouted, forgetting the thin walls and their eager ears. "Listen to me."

."I don't want to listen to you," she screamed back. "I'm sick of listening to you!"

There was a nasty silence, broken only by our own heavy breathing and the creak of a footstep out in the hall.

"Dora, I didn't want to start an argument with you. Really. I don't want anything—except some sort of an explanation for what happened last night."

"And what about last night?"

"Nothing," I said wryly. "Nothing at all ... except that now all the neighbors are convinced that I beat you, in addition to all my other faults. You know very well I've never touched you, that I hadn't even said anything to you last night when you started screaming like you'd suddenly gone mad."

"Oh, so now I'm going crazy, am I?" she shrilled. "Well, let me tell you, Mister James Haynes, you'd go crazy too if you had to live in this dump all day, with a husband who begrudges you even the price of a movie, and tries to pick your friends, and—"

And we were right back where we had started.

"It's not enough that I gave up my career and try to be a good wife," Dora was finishing with fine, bitter logic. "I'm supposed to sit quietly by while you read your eternal newspaper every evening. And if I even say boo, I'm going crazy!"

I didn't point out that her boo had been loud enough to bring the whole apartment house down on our heads. Or that the "career" she had given up to marry me had consisted of contributing one pair of legs out of many in a musical which had folded after two weeks. Or that sixty-five dollars a week and a man to go with it had once looked mighty good to a leggy blonde from Keokuk who had already found out how many leggy blondes were already in the Big City, working as waitresses or worse.

No, I didn't mention any of these points, because I was beginning to suspect a method behind her madness. I suspected that there was nothing wrong with her that five thousand

dollars wouldn't cure, and I didn't want to give her an opening.

Specifically, five thousand dollars, more or less, in U.S. savings bonds which I had lain away, methodically and at times painfully, out of my pay cheque and commissions over the past seven years. And even more specifically, five thousand dollars which Graham next door had assured Dora would buy her the leading role in the "mutual-stock" revue he was supposed to be promoting.

But I had held out all along. I told Dora her friend Graham was nothing but a phony, cheap chiseller, and not the kind of man I liked my wife to encourage. And furthermore, that those bonds represented the down payment on a dream of my own, conceived long before I'd met her. A country place I could call my own.

I think this ambition for a peaceful haven must have evolved from a recurrent dream I used to have as a boy. I remember the place of my dreams was come upon at the rise of a hill and at the end of a lane where trees and creeper and tall grasses used to top the fence of the neighbor's place before you got to mine. There was a stream that gurgled along for a bit and then teased itself among the rocks on its downward way to a green gulley to a place where the trout would bite extra well. As I grew older the dream was less frequent. I used to wonder if dreams had any singificance . . . if some day I should come across the very place . . . and if so could I make it mine. My savings signified my preparedness for the possibility.

Dora had told me in no uncertain terms what she thought of that idea—but there the matter had rested. And still rested, much to my surprise. Dora subsided now, apparently satisfied with having the last word, and I knew when to leave well enough alone.

Also I still loved her, heaven help me.

That was the week when spring suddenly changed to summer, as if to make up for our cold winter. Dora and I made up too, Mrs. Levy spoke to me again, and even Jenkins went about whistling happily, now that the radiator season seemed safely over.

Dora and I started taking trips into the country. She seemed even anxious to help me in my quest for the farm, and I could scarcely believe my good fortune at the change that had come over her. Spring was indeed a wonderful thing, I told myself.

The weather had brought customers flocking into the sports goods department, I had earned a healthy bonus over my sales quota, and the case of beer in our pantry had been my splurge. Dora's present had been a new negligee of sheer black nylon, and she was wearing it now, curled up on the sofa with a copy of Variety.

The evening was warm, the beer was cold, life was good—and my only worry at the moment was choosing between bed and another bottle of beer, or both.

Dora felt my eyes on her and looked up. Then she got up, moving deliberately. I looked back down at my paper, pretending a coy interest in the stock sections. I thought she was going to get us another bottle, or perhaps slip down into my lap.

She didn't. She calmly picked up one of the three empty bottles at my elbow and hurled it through the window. Then, just as it shattered below in the air shaft, she began to scream, long and loudly.

For a moment I just stared, too dumfounded to move. Thinking stupidly: **The window's open, she might at least have put it through the opening, instead of knocking out both panes at the top.**

Then I was on my feet, shaking her violently. Her eyes had that

glassy, blank look again, the tempting red mouth I had been contemplating a second ago was distended now in raw, nerve-freying sound.

I clamped my hand across it, trying to shake sense back into her, with my other hand biting into her shoulder.

Her teeth sank into a finger, her foot kicked my shin She fought her way loose, managing to rip her negligee half off and kick over the end table at the same time

It was a fine scene for the neighbors to come in on. And come they did, with eager-beaver Graham in the lead I moved to greet him ignoring Dora for the moment Jenkins and Baldhead finally pulled us apart Redhead slapped me again for good measure, apparently because I'd pasted Baldy by mistake in the shuffle The last I saw of Dora was as she disappeared through Mrs Levy's door, wailing hysterically on that good woman's massive shoulder

Then Jenkins took the floor I would please get out in the morning, if not sooner—and any rent I had coming would no more than cover the broken lamp and window

I protested, I pleaded, I argued. I tried to convince him that my wife was sick, well on her way to a nervous breakdown That I was completely innocent of any mistreatment, that something had snapped emotionally in her, and that the worse thing in the world would be to kick her out on the crowded streets of an overcrowded city

Jenkins only looked noble, like a dime-store Galahad "The little lady can stay, as long as she wants But you go First thing in the morning—or else I call the cops"

He didn't get a chance; somebody already had Maybe Mrs Levy—although my bet was Graham, who had disappeared to nurse his cut lip

And the cops gave me the same scornful treatment—particularly after they'd gotten an eyeful of Dora in her torn negligee and an earful from the other tenants. Graham was back on the scene by then, too, adding his dramatic description of our previous quarrels and his opinion of me, personally, as a lush who needed a going-over with a rubber hose

The two cops shook their heads with obvious regret Mrs Haynes had refused to sign a complaint, and that was her privilege. But . . . well, if there was any more trouble, just let 'em know. And how in the world, their eyes asked, did a gorgeous gal like that ever get hitched up to a drunken bum like this?

Later that evening, after things had settled down again, I tried once more I tiptoed quietly across the hallway, knocked ever so gently on Mrs Levy's door. She screeched at me to go away Dora raised her own voice in tearful accusation, and the doors along the hall began opening up again.

I slunk back into my own apartment, tail between my legs Fifteen minutes later, while I was searching Dora's drawers for a liquor bottle, or dope, or some sort of a clue—I found the gun

It was a nasty little blue-steel .25 automatic, and the carbon slip with it showed that it had been sold and registered to Mrs. James Haynes for purposes of "self protection"

I stood staring at it a long time, remembering that phrase "nervous breakdown" which I had used on Jenkins. Actually, until now, I'd had my sneaking suspicion all along that these tantrums of hers were deliberate and malicious; that sooner or later she'd name her price for being good—and that the price would be the five thousand dollars which she thought would buy her a stage career and all the glamour she longed for.

But not one word about that in these past two weeks Not even a sly hint; just these senseless and violent attacks of hysteria, as if something unseen were threatening her sanity

And now a gun . . . a gun for "protection" Protection against what?

I finally put it in my own drawer under a pile of shirts, and went to bed But not to sleep It's hard to admit that your wife—in plain everyday language—is going bats before your eyes.

I didn't see Dora the next morning I left early before the other tenants were about and got my breakfast at the corner drugstore. Somehow I got through the morning without my mind. That was going endlessly over and over my problem, while the rest of me waited automatically on customers who were contemplating more cheerful things, such as vacation trips and fishing equipment

By noontime I had decided what I must do Dora would need medical care, the most expensive sort of medical care, and there was only one way I could provide it

During my lunch hour I went to the bank, took out of my safe deposit box that thick sheaf of bonds Not just bonds, they were, but my whole ambition and future And I felt guilty even in my moment of reluctance When a man's wife is sick, mentally or otherwise, he has to do everything he can

Grimly I carried them across the bank floor to the proper counter opened one up to read the instructions on the back. I had forgotten one thing They were made out to James Haynes and Dora Haynes as coowners, or the survivor, and that meant in order to cash them—

Then I stopped thinking Those last typewritten words leaped out at me, drummed into my mind monotonously until they lost all meaning.

Or the survivor . . . or the survivor . . the survivor . . . the . . .

The man behind the counter was fidgeting impatiently "You wish to cash these bonds, sir?"

"No . . . no, I've changed my mind Thanks"

He watched me, puzzled, as I gathered them up again and hurried back toward the safe deposit vault.

Jenkins, our charming landlord, caught me as I passed his door that night and tried to stop me.

But I didn't want to discuss the matter. I just growled over my shoulder that I had come only to get my things, and went on up the stairs.

When I first opened the door I thought Dora was still missing, since the place was just as neat as I had left it that morning. Then I heard her cheerful call:

"Jim?"

She was in the kitchen, of all places, and tonight she looked like the tired husband's dream. Neat and pretty in an apron, her cheeks flushed and excited as if she had prepared some special surprise, and busily pre-occupied. Just as if our last exchange had been a tender kiss.

I set my lips, determined to have it out. "Dora, I just came back long enough to get my things. And to tell you—"

She interrupted me with a gay little laugh which sounded only a bit strained. "Darling it's all settled. I talked to Mr. Jenkins today, practically on my knees. You just have to know how to handle him, that's all."

"That's not all," I said. "That's not even the point. I just want to tell you that—"

She shut me off with a quick kiss. "We'll talk about it during dinner. I haven't got the table set yet, and the roast's practically done. Here." She opened a drawer, handed me the big carving knife and pointed toward the knife sharpener. "Make yourself useful, handsome. And while you're about it, all my knives need sharpening. This is a surprise, so don't peek."

Her lips brushed mine again and she whirled out of the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Automatically I began stroking the long blade back and forth, thinking that it was a surprise indeed.

She hadn't cooked a real meal for months. And her lips had been cold, although she was obviously all keyed up. I could hear her now, hurriedly shoving chairs about in the next room.

Then I thought of the gun, the gun in the bedroom, and looked down at the long, slender carving knife I had in my hand.

Carefully I eased the door open a crack. The dining table had been set, yes—but the room which had been so neat a few moments ago had undergone a startling change.

The end table by my chair had been tipped over on its side, magazines and books scattered across the floor just as they had been last night. The bridge lamp was also lying sprawled on its side, the shade crumpled as if it had been stepped on. Two of the dining chairs were shoved together in a heap in the corner, the cigarette box by the sofa had fallen to the floor and spilled, one curtain dangled from a broken rod.

Amidst this wreckage Dora flitted nervously, busily. Even as I watched she kicked a scatter rug into a heap, then paused to survey her work like a nervous stage manager looking over a set just before the curtain.

Apparently satisfied, she crossed to the bedroom door, then paused again, her eyes narrowed toward the door which hid me.

"Jim, dear, when you get the knife sharpened put it on the table, please. I'll be right out."

I grunted indistinctly. She took one last, calculating survey of the scene she had laid—and I'll never forget that look in her face. Then the bedroom door closed, the lock clicked shut.

And I stood there stupidly, still holding the knife. For years it seemed I stood there, knowing what to expect in some remote part of my brain even

while I tried to make sense out of it consciously.

I must have moved to the range, because I found myself bending down and peering into an empty, stone-cold oven I felt a moment of surprise—but I think I would have been more surprised if it had actually held a sizzling roast

And I must have been listening, too, I must have been aware of the muffled sound of drawers being opened and shut in the bedroom

And then I waited no longer. I grabbed up the long carving knife and all the knives that Dora had laid out for me, and dashed out of here She obviously didn't hear me cross the living room She was too frantically searching for what she couldn't find, and I didn't bother to close the door behind me

Down the stairs, pounding on Jenkins' room desperately Trying to beat the scream which I knew now would come as soon as she found her gun.

The door finally opened Jenkins stared out at me, napkin tucked in his collar-band, jaws still chewing He gulped and scuttled backward like a startled crab when he saw the knives in my hand. At the table behind him his stout wife turned pale

I thrust them at him "Here, quick Take 'em! Afraid my wife—another one of those spells Afraid she'll hurt herself."

The first scream came then, even as Jenkins hesitated in bewilderment. It was shrill and hysterical Muffled, but ringing through the hallway and down the staircase like the voice of terror.

We both stood there rooted as it died away and then picked up again Jenkins let the knives clatter to the floor as he pushed past, his short skinny legs pumping up the stairs ahead of me

Doors began opening, men shouted in confusion, a woman down the hall began screaming hysterically herself "Somebody do something! Do something!"

And still the wild cries went on the shrieks of gurgling insane terror, the tortured pleading "Jim! Jim! Don't Jim! Oh—not the knife, Jim! No!"

Jenkins had reached the top of the stairs now, hurrying as if a life depended on him He had forgotten that I had already warned him, that I myself was not in that room, but right behind him Carefully behind him, as he ran down the hall with horror in his face.

He didn't quite make it Graham got there first He burst out of his own room just ahead of Jenkins disappeared through the door I had left ajar

By the time I had reached it, Graham was already lunging against the inside door If he saw me then, coming in behind Jenkins, he was like the rest of them too distracted to register, too convinced by the urgency in those terror-driven cries still coming from behind the locked door

I shouted at him, but already Graham's hefty shoulder had carried him through—through the doorway and to his death

For inside the bedroom, a little automatic was sounding out its vicous tattoo It went on pounding convulsively, even after he had crumpled forwerd

I left her to Jenkins and went to phone the police

* * *

Dora's getting at least part of what she counted on· the headlines she always dreamed of The papers call her a glamorous blonde, a beautiful show-girl, and that seems to be enough for her

I don't think she cared much for Graham after all Whether he was actually in on the scheme or not, I think she just considered him a means to an end. A handy witness, let us say, who would testify that Jim Haynes had attacked his wife with the carving knife found near his body.

For, of course, I was supposed to have gotten those bullets instead of Graham I was supposed to have broken in that door to get to her when she went into her act.

Dora realises now, naturally, the mistake she made in her blind, self-induced hysteria. She doesn't know that that nice, sympathetic man she talked to today was the police psychiatrist—and that she'll probably alk to more like him before the trial is over She doesn't seem to understand either that the state's prosecution will be based on the testimony of Jenkins and the other tenants that they will prove that neither I nor anyone else was anywhere near the apartment when she first began screaming for her life

Yes, I'm going to do what I can for her When a man's wife is in trouble he does what he can for her, even if it means sacrificing his life's savings.

But there's one thing that bothers me. If I tell the whole story, if I give those psychiatrists the reasoning, the cold-blooded calculation, behind her actions—I'm not sure where she will end up

If I don't, if I just hold my peace and let the evidence speak for itself, then I know very well what will happen to her

Maybe I should ask Dora herself when I see her today:

"What will it be, my dear? The state penitentiary . . . or the state asylum?"

Yes, I think it is a question for her to decide, though I don't expect the answer today . . . She won't easily realise the futility of any other plea When she does finally understand, she may have some satisfaction in knowing that she will lose me my savings after all

And what about my dream? Well, it may come true, at that. Dora . . . our life together . . . have given me a surfeit of the city, the store, the apartment—all that my life has been here As soon as I have seen this through I'm packing up and clearing out.

I'll drop by the store before I quit the big smoke There's a line and reel there that some fancy customer won't get I've secured it already at salesman's discount

Talking Points

COVER GIRL She's Rhonda Fleming . . the girl who got the coveted role with Bing Crosby in "Yankee at King Arthur's Court." It was a picture like this that secured for Rhonda a film test and contract Her picture sold a magazine to a film agent, and, after that, how could she miss out? For the moment she's forsaken Bing for Bob . She'll be seen next with Hope in "Great Love."

Experiance . . .

TO those who will wonder where the truly autbentic touches come from in Mentiplay's sea stuff some explanation is due Cedric as a young dog was a young sea dog His weather beating up and down the New Zealand coast left a mark on him which he, in turn, leaves on his writing (page 68).

Hard . . .

THERE are various stories about people who found that it's bard to commit suicide, but none stranger than that on page 32, which is not only bard fact, but also hard to believe Explanations as to why the sharks didn't bite or the girl didn't drown? Well, there are strange unexplained things, but these are peculiar enough for now.

Nomed . . .

THE habit of stringing up people without trial is the law of the mob, but it gets the name "lynch" from a good, legal judge It is none the less ugly for that, as readers of Mervyn Andrews' story (page 24) will see It seems that while you can teach a tiger tricks and (if De Rougement is believable) ride an alligator, there just isn't any way to tame the wildest beast of all, "the mob"

Answer . . .

CAVALCADE'S "Flash Cain" has sleuthed his way into the interest of readers who have been asking about him Because two readers have placed a bet about where he comes from we put the truth (and answer to the bet) on the record Cain is the brainchild of Australian (Sydney resident) Ray Heath, who writes the adventures. Fellow Sydneysider Belbin draws the strip Heath says, "Cain's adventures are based on the work of a man I used to know. I called him Cain because that was once the name of a killer (about 5000 B C) and I thought it would be a good idea to rehabilitate the name by hanging it on a law enforcement bloke"—Who won the bet, fella"

For You . . .

Thriller stories bave been commended by many readers who unblushingly say they like them Even a detective told us, "A thriller isn't a busman's holiday to me—it's good relaxation" And "Door Ajar for Murder," this issue (page 58) is well up to standard Point of interest—our detective tells us that 90 per cent at least of the thriller he reads are completely accurate on their technical points concerning detection.


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